THREE PIONEER REALISTS by Alfred Kazin

The Saturday Review of Literature

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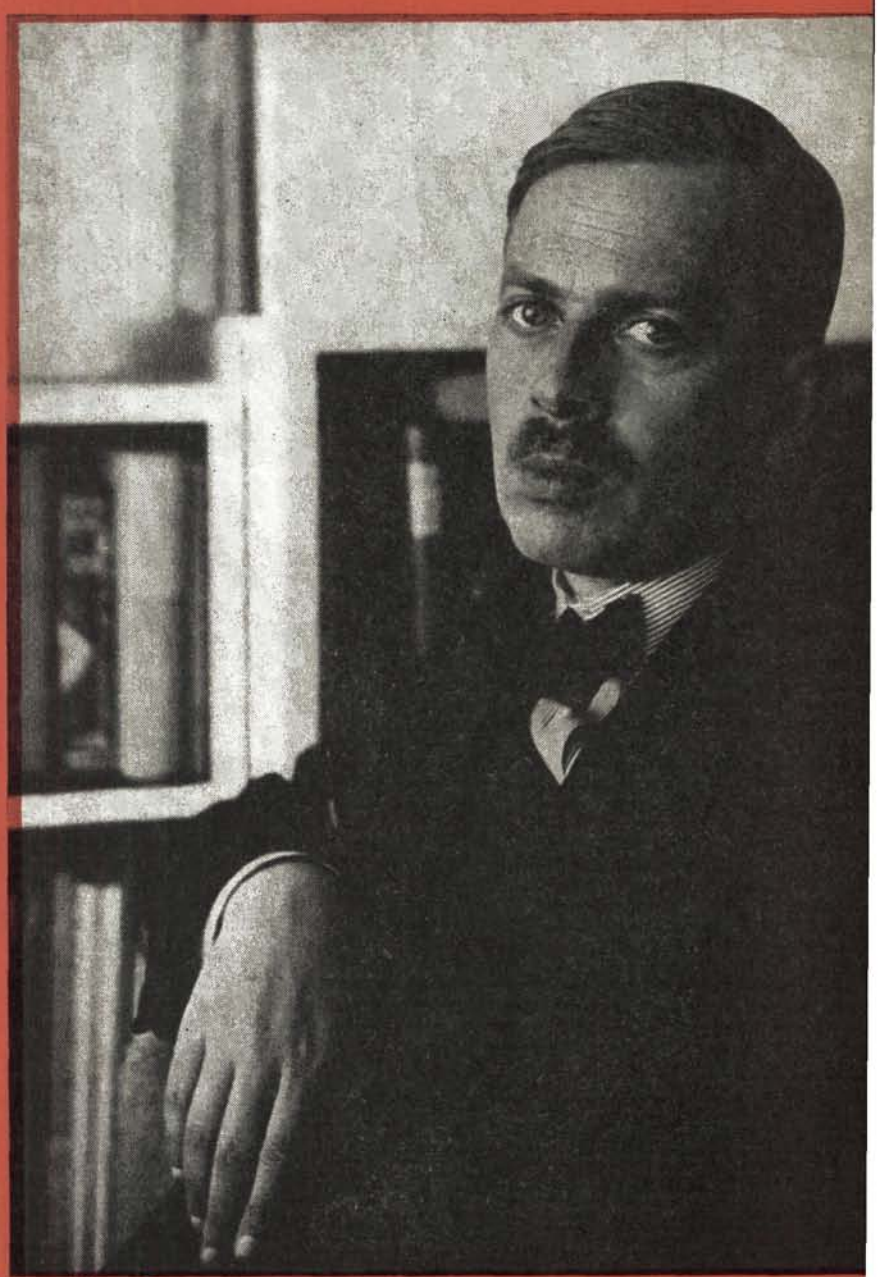

Manuel Komroff

Edward J. O'Brien: "I have probably read with some care 50,000 American short stories in the past 25 years . . ."

(See page 3)

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Professor of Philosophy, University of Washington

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

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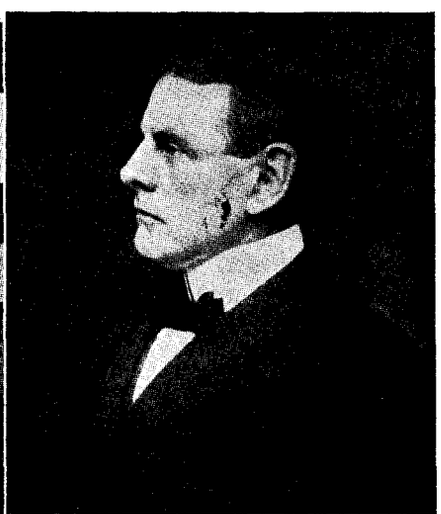
Three Pioneer Realists

BY ALFRED KAZIN

Frank Norris



David Graham Phillips

Robert Herrick

EACH social phase in American life after the Civil War evoked its own enemy. If to the post-bellum generation a Tweed seemed more gross than a Vanderbilt, and thus became the scoundrel of the hour, the eighties and nineties were haunted by monopoly. The reaction to it was not, as revolutionary workmen had hoped for thirty years, one of pure revulsion out of which a new society might spring. As the great middle class became conscious of new dangers, the traditional leadership passed from the rural frontier with the failure of Populism to the big city, "the hope of democracy." For the menace of monopoly was that it threatened the freedom of the will. It suggested that behind the façade of the commonwealth, with its vaunted political institutions and ideals, lay a new power, "invisible government." It suggested that the small business man, like the small farmer before him, no longer had the power to expand, or even to retain, his economic interest. With his freedom hampered, the American attained a new political consciousness. It was a period dominated almost exclusively, as far as social periods can be, by the passion for reform. Out of it flowed that single-minded culture, nostalgic in its morality and Progressive in its politics, political in its literature, political in its thinking, that dominated American life from the Spanish-American War to the World War. A generation arose determined to mould its destiny by politics; its heroes were politicians, and some of its politicians were among its best writers. Its technique was investigation and exposure, but though it limited itself to political ends and was deceived by political appearances, it introduced a resurgence in all the avenues of American life. The uneasiness, the hesitant half-hopes that had marked the closing years of the nineteenth century flowered into the years of hope.

One novelist in the nineties directly anticipated the pattern of the new decade he did not live to see. At *McClure's Magazine,* where the first muckrakers were given their shovels, Frank Norris worked along with Ida Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens, and Ray Stannard Baker. He had been hired on the strength of his early romantic stories, and a romanticist he never ceased to be; but he was the product of many diverse influences, and to the end betrayed them all often simultaneously. Born in Chicago, raised in San Francisco, educated successively in the post-impressionist ateliers of Paris, the University of Southern California, and by an academic esthete, Lewis E. Gates, at Harvard, he was at once a frontier novelist perennially excited by the bigness of California, a Zolaesque naturalist, and an unhappy but faithful child of that fatal marriage of Kipling and Stevenson which ruined many a weaker writer in the nineties. In him one feels what one never feels in Stephen Crane, a rich and powerful gift that he never explored to the end, an energy almost worthy of the teeming, world-shaking subjects bestriding the new century. When he died at thirty-two, he had but touched the crucial phase of his ambitious work, and was turning slowly in the great circle of his trans-world trilogy of wheat, of which the third volume was never written and the second never corrected.

Norris became a naturalist by that hatred of "pure literature" which blossomed in Europe after Flaubert into the social studies of Zola. "Who cares for fine style!" he wrote in 1899. "Tell your yarn and let your style go to the devil. We don't want literature, we want life." He plucked from the naturalist creed chiefly its delight in violence, and accepted its determinism only as it satisfied his dramatic sense. The philosophy behind naturalism in

Next Week

SARDINIAN BRIGADE
By EMILIO LUSSU
Reviewed by Fletcher Pratt

NORTHERN LIGHTS
By DESMOND HOLDRIDGE
Reviewed by Marie Ahnighito Peary

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Europe, with its implied consideration of the past, its profound tragic sense, he ignored.

Norris's delight in bigness was a curious blend of the frontier mind and an invincible boyishness that was not fulfilled in the loud, thumping romances he wrote in youth—the autobiographical "Blix" and the red-blooded "Moran of the Lady Letty," so plainly derived from Kipling. There was a part of him that believed in Anglo-Saxon supremacy and a "democratic literature"—"a literature that cannot be vulgarized," he wrote once, "is no literature at all"—to suit every taste. It came out in the rhetorical perorations that spoil his books at every climax, that trick of piling detail on detail in one grand symphonic swell to produce the tones and the vastness of nature. To that spirit, however, he owed the extraordinary feeling for common life which makes his best novel, "McTeague," one of the testaments of our national imagination. The key to Norris is to be found in that naive, open-hearted, and essentially unquenchable joy in life that one finds only in the younger Elizabethan poets, a joy that is like the first discovery of the world, splendid in its freshness, and eager to absorb every flicker of life.

When he planned his trilogy of wheat, it became "an idea big as all outdoors." It was to span two continents, and, as he boasted to Bruce Porter, deal simultaneously with the primitive, record man's struggle with nature, depict the conquering of the frontier, the growth of business enterprise, and finally take in Europe. It was to be the last affirmation of nature's promise in an America rapidly veering away from even industrial promise. The conflict of the railroad and the farmers, as he revealed it in "The Octopus," was therefore conceived in terms of the Biblical myth of evil. For that is the pattern of "The Octopus," and the clue to its relative failure and the shambles he made out of its sequel, "The Pit." The San Joaquin Valley is Eden, Magnus Derrick and his fellows Nature's children, and the Southern Pacific Railroad the serpent in the garden. It was in a sense the first muckraking novel, as it remains the most desperate.

In "The Pit" Norris intended to trace the fortunes of wheat on the Chicago market, but succeeded only in completing a mediocre forerunner of the stock novel of finance that became popular six years later. Like the pedestrian novels of Robert Herrick and most of David Graham Phillips's books, it became a study in marriage. The hold of the pit over Curtis Jadwin is exactly like the hold of drink over the good but erring father in a temperance novel. Exciting in its detail, it is startlingly uncritical of the very financial framework Norris had sought to lay open. No one turning to "The Pit" first would guess its purpose in the intended trilogy. There is not even an echo of the struggles of "The Octopus," for it dwindles to a romantic story rooted in one place and centered in one theme. Narrow and compact, it remains exciting on that episodic level which Norris mastered beyond any of the superficial novelists of his time.

Norris's ambition was to make America equal to the cosmic, to find a literary equivalent for his nation's bigness. Yet it is in "McTeague," that primer of American naturalism, that he lives. In his wheat novels he tried to expand local scenes and that local patriotism which has no parallel in the affectionate literature of the frontier into the cosmic view that fascinated him; it was in this early book, much of which was written before he left college, that he contracted a whole civilization into the bitter and remorseless drama of one dumb soul's failure. "The Dentist," as he referred to the book in letters to his friends, became at once the portrait of a city and the evocation of the culture enveloping it. He crammed into it the darkness of that world of the poor which always beckoned to him like the threat of doom, a world frozen in necessity, merciless to those who lost their foothold, savagely inexorable even in death.

The tragedy of McTeague and Trina is arranged on the scale of determinism; blindness is the area and accident the avenging angel; the universe has become a wasteland in which men grapple for bread and life flows out into the sewers of the city. But perfect an object lesson in naturalism as it is, for all its minor blemishes, the novel glows in a light which makes it the first great critical novel of a capitalist society. McTeague's San Francisco is the underworld of that society, and the darkness of its surface, with its mangling of many hopes, its pitilessness, its Satanic humor, is like the rumbling of hell. Nothing is more remarkable in the book than the detachment with which the tragedy unfolds, a tragedy almost classic in its debasement of a huge man, and nothing gives it so much power. For McTeague himself Norris probably cared little, but the significance of McTeague's failure is unforgettable. "I never truckled. I never took off the hat to Fashion and held it out for pennies," Norris wrote before his death. "I told them the truth. They liked it or they didn't like it. What had that to do with me? I told them the truth."

The political novel, which became the economic novel as insurance companies turned out to be as corrupt as Tammany elections, and the trusts as coolly wicked as a Philadelphia district leader, was essentially a reporter's novel. Of all the reporters who turned to fiction, David Graham Phillips emerged as the shining example. He was the archetype—bred and trained in the Middle West, a great reporter, stubbornly curious, prudent, handsome, the dashing ideal journalist. He was a reporter by instinct, enormously prolific, famous for his impassivity, a legend on Park Row before he became the perfect middle-of-the road novelist; and his talent lay in his exceptional news sense. A leading muckraker, his most noteworthy contribution was his "Treason of the Senate," but it is in his collection of articles, "The Reign of Gilt," that the essential motivation of his fiction is best seen. It was his greatest desire to lay bare the debasement of the middle-class spirit in a plutocracy; instead, he succeeded only in documenting, out of the overflowing knowledge he had gained as a reporter, the crucial processes in politics, business, and finance. One glimpses the intensity of that desire in his bitter arraignment of the manners of gilt-edged Manhattan in his articles, the cheapening of tradition by the *nouveaux riches*, their

(*Continued on page* 14)

Sinister Curtain

BY MARJORIE KNAPP

PLEASANTLY we talked
About our common problem,
Till I spoke the wrong word,
Named the wrong name,
Quoted the wrong person.

Though I had been cautious,
Had led up to it gently
With delicate explanation,
Instantly the air changed
And I knew my blunder.

On went the discussion,
Courteously and calmly,
With no changed expression
On our well-bred faces,
But to no conclusion.

As though a curtain lowered
Suddenly from the ceiling
Veiled us from each other,
Smiling, we continued
Talking through the shadow.

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O'Brien's Choice

FIFTY BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES, 1914 TO 1939. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1939. 868 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

Twenty-five years have made a difference in the American short story comparable to the difference between the tone and feeling of Pope and the tone and feeling of Shelley. During this one short generation American writing has evolved from the point at which it could only be described as extremely provincial English writing to the point where it has achieved dignity and substance as a literature in its own right.

SO Mr. O'Brien, in his introduction. And the slightly bedazzled reviewer, reading the words, can only mutter "Aren't you taking in a good deal of territory?" For, after all, there are "The Gold Bug" and "The Great Stone Face," "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge" and "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven." If those four stories are merely "extremely provincial English writing" — and there are many others one could mention — your present correspondent would be delighted to eat a complete set of the works of Henry James. And, incidentally, what about "The Real Thing?" What about "The Little Regiment?" What about such extremely American—and yet hardly extremely provincial English stories—as "The Brigade Commander," "Under the Lion's Paw," and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat?"

One hates to disagree with so authoritative and well-grounded a critic as Mr. O'Brien. But it seems to me that the American short story, from the first, has owed less to foreign influence than a great many other forms of American writing. Moreover, it is a form in which most of our well known writers have been at home and which most of them have used characteristically. Poe, Hawthorne, Mark Twain, Henry James—each contributed something genuine to the short story. But you will have to load the dice, if you want to select a contribution by Thackeray or Trollope—and Dickens's short stories are by-products. Indeed, it is interesting to note that in Maugham's new anthology, "Tellers of Tales," there is no representative British short story between Sir Walter Scott's "The Two Drovers" and Stevenson's "Markheim," while Irving, Poe, Bret Harte, and Hawthorne are all represented.

It is true that, for a while, under the spell of O. Henry and the imitators of O. Henry, the successful American short story went in for the surprise ending and the well-tailored plot. This is doubtless what Mr. O'Brien means, and he has done as much as any one man to change it, by his constant and unflagging encouragement of experimentation and his critical generosity to young writers of promise. I don't agree with a lot of his selections. I think he is just as prejudiced in favor of the formula formless story as the big-magazine-editor of 1925 was prejudiced against it. But, since the very first of his annual collections, he has been willing to stand up and yell for work he considered important whether any one else liked it or not. And, a lot of the time, he has been right. Perhaps that is as much as could be asked of any one man.

Now, in this book, he brings together what he considers the fifty best American short stories of the last twenty-five years. It is an interesting, varied, and characteristic collection, beginning with Wilbur Daniel Steele and ending with Richard Wright. It includes Dreiser, Hemingway, Anderson, Lardner, Marquand, Dorothy Parker, William March, Kay Boyle, Fitzgerald, Saroyan, Wolfe, and Steinbeck. It includes as well, at least a baker's dozen of younger writers—some of them not nearly as well-known as they should be. It is not the fifty best American short stories—for you cannot pick one story by each of fifty different authors and make them all equal. But it does present a cross section of the rich and varied field of the American short story during the past quarter century. And, looking it over, we have every reason to be proud of the achievement.

There are some important omissions —Katharine Anne Porter and Edna Ferber. I think Mr. Hergesheimer has written better stories than "The Meeker Ritual" and I wish Thomas Beer could have been represented by one of the Mrs. Egg stories instead of "Onnie." The least understandable of Mr. O'Brien's inclusions, to me, is Alan Marshall's "Death and Transfiguration," with its overloaded local color. But I will give him three stars—man bites dog—for reprinting Oliver LaFarge's extraordinary "North Is Black," for including Robert Whitehand's "American Nocturne," which succeeds in a difficult field, for including George Albee's "Fame Takes the J Car," in spite of its debt to Lardner, and for ending the collection with "Bright and Morning Star," where Richard Wright displays gifts that ought to take him a long, long way.

Well, there it is, and a good job, too, granted Mr. O'Brien's predilections and prejudices. Every editor has them or he wouldn't be worth his salt. And, if you are interested in the American short story—or in short stories at all—"Fifty Best American Short Stories" will give you in spite of its curious introduction, a very fair sample of the living work in the field.

Edward J. O'Brien

Because Mr. O'Brien has lived in England for seventeen years, many readers are under the impression that he is English; but he was born in Boston in 1890, and was educated at Boston College and Harvard. His annual volumes, "The Best Short Stories," have appeared since 1915; he got the idea from William S. Braithwaite's annual poetry anthology. A companion series, "The Best British Short Stories," was inaugurated in 1922. "I have probably read with some care," says Mr. O'Brien, "fifty thousand American short stories in the past twenty-five years [i.e., over five a day]. I have probably examined another hundred thousand with sufficient care to see that they were rubbish."

Katherine Albert

Glamor Factory

REMEMBER VALERIE MARCH. By Katherine Albert. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1939. 313 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

KATHERINE ALBERT knows her Hollywood, and she has used this knowledge to spin an entertaining tale that truly illuminates various aspects of the world's great glamor factory. The life story of Valerie March, born Peggy Higgens, who rose from obscurity and squalid poverty to become the first lady of the screen, is a synthetic biography in that it borrows from many Hollywood case histories. Valerie cannot be identified with any actual star, but each of her characteristics and adventures reminds the knowing reader of some living model. Yet she has an integrated personality of her own; her creator has breathed life into the synthesis, and by so doing she has

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made it probable that her readers will remember Valerie March.

Peggy was an ignorant little tramp from the wrong side of the tracks, and she remained ignorant until the end of her career, but she had a fire within her, a compulsion that drove her upward, and an instinct that enabled her to use anyone who could be of service to her ambition. She was determined to be a great actress, and for years she managed to maintain the illusion that she was one. Her essential tragedy is familiar to all who know her kind.

> What had happened to Valerie was what can, I suddenly saw, easily happen to any movie star. She was a dumb child when she started. At an age when most girls are entering college, she was already a star, a studio property, fawned on by those who wanted favors, kept healthy by those who wanted to make money out of her, kept as emotionally stable as possible by me, who could only express myself through her. How could she see in proportion, when she lived the unhealthy egotistical life required of her?

It is Conrad Powers speaking, Valerie's discoverer and director, in whose words the author tells her story, and what he is made to say of Valerie is true of some stars and most so-called "starlets." One has seen those dumb children appear on the lots, year after year; seen them ballooned into popularity, real or false, by the world's most ruthless publicity machines; seen them, under the hot lights, making their pathetic attempts to be glamorous actresses and women of the world when they should still be in high school. Most of them fall by the wayside in a few months; a very few succeed for a brief while. Still fewer of them triumph and manage to hang on to success as long as did little Peggy Higgens.

Miss Albert, writing in the person of Conrad Powers, is almost perfect in her simulation of the masculine point of view and the masculine idiom. One may not be able to believe that a hard-boiled director like Powers would feel constrained to put an end to Valerie's career just because he had discovered she could never be the great actress he had once thought she would become. The real Conrads of Hollywood and Burbank and Culver City would say to themselves: "Let the kid milk the racket dry, and good luck to her." But Conrad's lapse into quixoticism does not invalidate Valerie's character. She is drawn from life, and she lives. Her existence and her story may not be important, but Miss Albert, without sensationalism or exaggeration, has written a lively, absorbing tale that shows of what stuff a great screen star may be, and often has been, made.

Return to Life

THE OPEN SKY. By L. A. G. Strong. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1939. 445 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

WHEN L. A. G. Strong's first novel, "Dewer Rides," appeared ten years ago, discriminating readers detected at once a fresh, new talent—not altogether new, for Strong had already published numerous short stories and some lively narrative and ironic verse. In subsequent novels, especially "The Garden," "The Sea Wall," and "The Last Enemy," he has steadily progressed toward a firm mastery of his craft.

In "The Open Sky," the best novel Strong has written, he again uses the wild Atlantic coast of Ireland as a setting. In many ways the novel is old-fashioned: it has form—it obeys Aristotle's injunction that a work of art have a beginning, a middle, and an end; there are great blocks of pure description; and although the "hero," an exhausted dilettante who has given up both authorship and the practice of medicine, is suffering from a mental breakdown, the author spares us the tortuous and tedious windings of the stream of consciousness, but succeeds, nevertheless, in making us see and feel the strange Western World as the invalid sees and feels it. Since Strong is poet and philosopher as well as realist, he is little concerned with the merely pathological and morbid, and the recovery of the physician is made into an exciting, unsentimental adventure.

The novel is stuffed with good things —stirring drama, well-realized characters, humor, philosophy, poetry. Strong, who is three-fourths Irish, writes with affectionate understanding and candor of the rugged Irish coast and its eccentric inhabitants. Caliban, it seems, left issue not only along Tobacco Road but also along the shores and isles of Eire. When the ailing physician is left in a supposedly simple and lonely place to heal himself, he soon discovers that his peasant neighbors are just as complex and harassed by life as he had been in the maelstrom of London. His healing is the old paradox: he is gradually rescued from the bog of egotism and self-pity, at the same time acquiring a new wisdom: "You taught me that my job was to be myself, the self I was born with. You taught me to keep still and take things as they came . . . You and Father Morrissey have had more influence over me than any one, because you neither of you tried to do anything to me."

"The Open Sky" is refreshingly free from the nebulous mysticism that darkened Strong's earlier Irish stories like an encircling gloom. It is a beautifully written novel which undoubtedly will advance the author's reputation.

Crisis in a Marriage

SKYLARK. By Samson Raphaelson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. 225 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

MR. RAPHAELSON is a clever playwright who was once, among other things, vice-president of an advertising agency. He writes his first novel very much in the crisp and condensed fashion demanded by a good light play. The Kenyons have come to their tin wedding. He is a darb at advertising, his wife is a good helpmeet with nothing in particular to do. From a husband absorbed in business she is getting very little out of life except ease and idleness. She revolts. He wins her back by lying. She forgives him for this at the end, because she loves him, and because he finally takes her part against an intolerable woman who has the power to make or break him in business.

From the jacket of "Skylark"

Mr. Raphaelson writes with great economy and pace, and his dialogue is natural and often amusing. The Kenyons are real people. They jest and fight like real people. They are bound to the wheel of an essentially vicious and parasitic business system—but such work is the breath of the man's nostrils. The end of the novel leaves them on a more honest and outspoken basis than they have had heretofore. If their lives are essentially unproductive and uninteresting, the author has made a most readable story of a phase in such lives.

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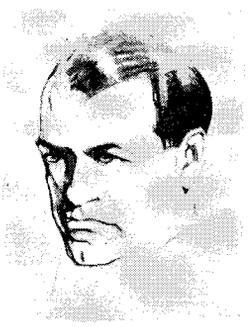
International Gangsters

ARMIES OF SPIES. By Joseph Gollomb. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1939. 213 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

WITH one major exception, Joseph Gollomb's "Armies of Spies" forms quite a thorough study in up-to-date fashions in spydom, to say nothing of the gentle arts of mayhem and murder, seemingly as necessary to counter-espionage as it is to every other cut-throat activity. And, if one can forget the somewhat palpable omissions, it is thoroughly exciting and informative reading.

There is little doubt that, for the extent to which Mr. Gollomb takes us behind the scenes in the modern art of killing, torture, kidnapping, and other gangster occupations seemingly necessary to a spread of empire, he has done a solid and most informative job. Drawing upon a wealth of information, both as a foreign correspondent and as an active American newspaperman, he brings spying and counter-espionage down to the minute, dating back the transition to the cumbersome melodrama of Mata Hari, who, in wartime days, gained such a reputation for uncovering herself in exotic dances that they also gave her the job of uncovering enemy secrets, all with the result that she got herself a lot of publicity and a firing squad. Mata Hari belonged to the old, rugged, individualistic generation of spydom when technique still followed the Napoleonic theory that nations are made or broken between the sheets.



Dorothea Parrot

Joseph Gollomb

The burden of Mr. Gollomb's book is that times have changed, and, owing to Herr Hitler's teachings, placed on a basis of mass production, with the monetary rewards few, often meager, in fact, but with aggregate results quite large, resulting from widespread activities and tremendous personnel.

In convincing proof of this, he traces the activities of Nazi Germany's spies in Spain, South America, France, and England; he shows how collaboration with Mussolini prepared the way for the Franco rebellion and did much to bring about its success. He reveals numerous case-history instances by which Hitler, in preparing for his so-called bloodless acquisition of large parts of Europe, first crashed through by the activities of his Gestapo, beside which the torture-methods of our best Alcatraz mobsters are indeed kindergarten stuff. There are many times in this book, especially in the revelations concerning the Cagoulards, or Hooded Ones, in France, when one imagines oneself transported back to nickelodeon days, watching one of those old-time thriller serials, what with caches of German and Italian arms, ammunition, and explosives tucked away just beyond the dirty postcards in musty French bookstores, secret dens in the homes of nice old ladies, bomb-proofs hidden behind secret panels in antique shops, and machine-guns by the dozen in the mystic home of an hypnotic healer. All this makes for swell reading, and somewhat fearful too in its last-chapter implications that Herr Hitler believes in the ultimate necessity of fighting the United States to gain control of the world. However, there seems to be a catch in it.

Wittingly or not, Mr. Gollomb gives this reviewer the impression that he may be more or less prejudiced. He shudders, quite rightfully, at Hitler tortures, kidnappings, imprisonments, and murders, but I rather gained the impression that he smacked his lips when Madame Lupescu, of Rumania, knocked Hitler's mob of no-goods for a series of loops and showed 'em what could really be done in the way of bumping guys off when a Jewish gal got her dander up.

Moreover, it is a little hard to believe that during all this totalitarian spy contest, Comrade Stalin merely sits by and smokes his pipe as Mr. Gollomb intimates. This is especially true of events in America. I found many references to the terrors of American Nazi activity, and easily can believe them, but nothing about Soviet machinations.

It may be very true that Comrade Stalin wants peace, and time to digest what he's chewed off in Russia. To that end, he not only desires a lot of let-me-alone, but he also is gluttonously eager for powerful assistance if Heil-on-Wheels Hitler should try to take his Ukraine away from him. Therefore, it is quite reasonable that he is germinating excessive activities of the termite character so deplored by Mr. Gollomb when done by That Nazty Man. And I wish the whole mob of them, together with their fingermen, kidnappers, safecrackers, soupmen, and pickpockets would stay to hell home and leave us alone. That not only goes for Mussolini and Hitler, but also for the mysterious gent who's putting out a lot of rubles to swing this country into a war psychosis, by educating bright young disciples to worm themselves into key positions from which they can dispense "information" which would tend to make us an ally of Russia in some backalley scrap, so far away it would take us six months to get there. Could it possibly be good, old, smiling, Mustache-in-the-Coffee, Comrade Stalin?

Western Flyways

THE MIGRATION OF AMERICAN BIRDS. By Frederick C. Lincoln. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1939. 189 *pp., with index.* $4.

Reviewed by LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

IN the whole range of natural phenomena, nothing is more inspiring than the migration of birds. Their exploits in this respect seem to belong to the age of fable rather than the age of science. Yet here is our most competent scientific authority soberly presenting the facts and figures, with charts to illustrate them: that little humming-bird hovering over the window-box recently flew across the Gulf of Mexico; those swifts you hear in the chimney were fluttering their wings in the depths of the Amazon jungle a short time ago; that bobolink on the telegraph-wire may have been an observer of the Chaco War. To chart the annual flights of one individual tern alone may require a map that includes both arctic and antarctic regions along with the coasts of five continents.

It is no discredit to Dr. Lincoln to say that such a book as this could hardly be anything but dramatic and enthralling. The facts are enough in themselves, and he presents them, wisely, without literary embellishment. What makes his account doubly exciting, however, is that much of the information it contains is only now being revealed to science through the new technique of bird-banding. Only in the past quarter of a century have individual American birds been marked for international observation, and today the reports are coming in to Dr. Lincoln's headquarters at Washington from such distant points as Brazil and South Africa. They bring with them our first detailed information on such matters as the speed of migration, the technique, and the direction. Dr. Lincoln expounds the whole subject simply and authoritatively in a popular volume that is embellished by twelve Fuertes color-plates, familiar to all American bird-students, in addition to a large series of road-maps showing the principal flyways of the Western Hemisphere.

Louis J. Halle, Jr., is the author of "Birds Against Men."

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Ford Madox Ford: a Memoir

ALTHOUGH I scarcely realized it at the time, my first meeting with Ford Madox Ford had a strong influence upon the direction of my developing interests and upon the ordering of those values by which I now seem to live. Ford was staying somewhere in the country outside London in 1923 (or thereabouts) and used very occasionally to come up to town for a day or a night. It was on one of these occasions that I found him one evening in a friend's flat in Lincoln's Inn. There were only three or four of us there, and the talk, as usual when Ford was present, turned largely on the arts and literature.

In appearance Ford was much the same then as we have known him of late years, large, loosely dressed, lethargic except for sudden, surprisingly quick, nervous movements and gestures, his hair a little sandier, his moustache perhaps a little more drooping over his not very mobile mouth, his blue eyes, alternately pale and vague or sparkling with a quick smile or with intense interest, the wheeze which gassing in the war left him, the attendant cough, the cigarette, the soft voice which could be surprisingly bold and alternately trail off into a mumble, the something about him of England and the country which persisted in spite of Paris, New York, and everything else.

He talked almost not at all about himself that evening. There were anecdotes, to be sure, told in the way which no one but Ford could do, with brilliant descriptive passages, subtly sharpened issues, and the point brought out in an emphasis of understatement so that the full flavor arose only slowly through a pause, a dawning smile, and finally a laugh. Ford would either merely smile himself and say mmm . . . but with a glinting light of enjoyment in his eyes, or else his laugh coming slowly would rock him until the cough overtook him and you thought he might burst at any moment.

But he did talk about books, old ones and more especially new ones and the people who were writing them. Perhaps having an American in the company turned his thoughts in that direction, but I remember him speaking particularly about young American writers and what was going on in the way of a new literature in this country.

Now I had been carrying on for several years past in Oxford and in London a little lonely propaganda for American letters, especially modern ones, but it had been a rather discouraging job. Not that "the English" and especially my friends were being insular and stuffy about it. But few had yet begun to look to America as a land of literary or artistic promise. There were the "Americans in Paris," yes, but they seemed different somehow from what Somerset Maugham had referred to in "Our Betters" as "You Americans who *live* in America." And to be sure, a few hardy souls like Richard Hughes had actually been in the United States, and Sinclair Lewis was beginning to get about in England. But my small voice insisting from time to time that something was stirring on the other side of the Atlantic and that it was worth watching and knowing about, elicited a friendly and sympathetic but not very serious attention from my friends.

Suddenly, therefore, to find Ford, who knew more about the young writers, painters, and musicians, of the Continent than we, waving these more or less aside and talking about what was going on in America, and especially in my own Middle West, was tremendously exciting. Especially since he knew a very great deal more about what was going on than I did. I lapped it up and it was his enthusiasm, as I look back upon it now, that strengthened in me the convictions that I had slowly been arriving at out of my own transatlantic perspective as to the great potential significance of America and especally the Middle West for the next stages in the development of our western culture.

Later in New York, after the migrations from England had begun and Ford was making his periodic visits, although I believe we never discussed the subject directly, he served in his continued interest to strengthen further my feelings in regard to this part of the world.

When, therefore, a few years ago I embraced an opportunity to touch in a small way through education some of the sources of this vital thing which I feel working in the human soil of this region, it was fitting that Ford should come to be a yeast in our ferment. What he has meant in the life of Olivet College during the past two years while he has been on the staff of our Writers Conference and occupying our Chair of Creative Literature, and in the region round about, through those ripples that go out from any educational institution, is equally an epitome of what he meant wherever he has lived. It is hard to set it down in words. Specific lectures, endless discussions, yes. Countless hours working on manuscripts with students and aspiring writers from all over the section, yes. But it was more just his presence amongst us and what he stood for, his passion for the "humaner letters," his insistence that quality and integrity, such as the true artist lives by, are the only things that count in civilization, his relish of life, his capacity for enjoyment of the *menus plaisirs,* his amazing self-discipline for work despite a contrary appearance of indolence (he always had "time" and yet in the tiny space of a year in Olivet he wrote his 1000-page "March of Literature,") and above all his indefatigable and spendthrift giving of himself to all who sincerely came to him for advice and help, both human and artistic. These are the things that impressed themselves upon the life of the College and upon all who came into close contact with him.

The arts of the world, the progress of Western culture, would not be today quite what they are had Ford Madox Ford not passed this way. Not only will his writings, especially "The Good Soldier" and the "Tietjens Saga," live in our literature, but his influence as novelist, editor, counselor will persist in the lives and works of a multitude whom he has helped in ways beyond compute. With a sure feeling for quality he battled all his life for the recognition of those artists whose genius he felt was unappreciated. In him the arts and artists of the Western world have lost a friend such as they have but seldom known.

Ford liked to think of himself in a paraphrase of Hokusai as "an old man mad about writing." Actually he was as young as Lao Tse and the newest undergraduate poet. A spirit like his never dies.

JOSEPH BREWER

Mr. Brewer is president of Olivet College.

Harry Leon Wilson (1867-1939)

THEY say that Harry Leon Wilson wrote his novel "The Spenders" because he wanted to get out of New York, which he thought the ugliest city in the world. "The Spenders" got him a summer in Colorado. (The incident in it of the miner and the Washington Cream Pie has always stuck in this commentator's

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mind as one of the richest things in American fiction.) Everyone forgets that Wilson lived in New York for ten years in the nineties, editing *Puck,* first while Henry Cuyler Bunner was alive and then after Bunner's death. He liked better living in Paris later on, when he and Booth Tarkington and Julian Street would meet at the Dôme in the afternoon. It was south of Paris that he and "Tark" turned out their play, "The Man From Home," which ran six years after its start in Chicago in 1917.

It is, however, for Ma Pettengill, Bunker Bean, Ruggles of Red Gap, and Merton of the Movies that Harry Leon Wilson will long be remembered. Those characterizations put him into the front rank of American humorists who can write real novels. The dramatization of "Merton of the Movies," with Glenn Hunter; and the picturization of "Ruggles of Red Gap," with Charles Laughton, will also keep Wilson's name green with a less literary generation. He hailed from Illinois, was a stenographer to several biographers when he was a youngster—and that took him into the Sierras; lived in mining camps, and then began writing jokes and funny pieces. He ended as the true interpreter of the humorous side of an America now as dead as the get-rich-quick ambitions of the people in "The Spenders." But historians will have to go to Wilson, along with other novelists of the period, to know how it was.

Wilson was a wit and a traveler, and finally settled down at Carmel, California. He liked the West. He wrote robust, sardonic comedy. His is a sure place among the best American humorists—friends of the common man.

W. R. B.

Letters to the Editor

Objectivity and Emotional Bias

SIR:—Since reading Ruth McKenney's review of "Holyoke, Massachusetts: A Case History of the Industrial Revolution in America" by Constance M. Green, in *The Saturday Review* of June 10, I have read not only Mrs. Green's book but Miss McKenney's "Industrial Valley," as well.

As a resident of western Massachusetts and a long-time advocate of research into local history as an avocation for educated married women, I should under any circumstances have read the history of Holyoke. But it was the intellectually dangerous emotionalism implicit in Miss McKenney's review that led me to investigate her writings. The fact that at the Third Writers' Congress the representatives of the Booksellers' Guild of America gave "Industrial Valley" second place in the voting for "historical" books emphasizes the point I wish to make.

"In a dry, dispassionate, clinical style," writes Miss McKenney, in her review of "Holyoke, Massachusetts," "Miss Green proceeds to set down one of the most horrifying stories written in years." And further on Miss McKenney says, "Miss Green writes with such careful dryness, such precise lack of bias that I, at least, finally found the manner of the book infuriating. Must historians pretend they do not care whether children labor in the mills from sun-up to sun-down? Is it unscientific bias to attack city planners who erected tenements in the middle of farms? For my part, 'Holyoke' would be a much more effective book with more fire and fewer footnotes."

In the first place, if Mrs. Green's books were as dry and clinical as Miss McKenney contends, I doubt whether she would have found it so "infuriating." Secondly, it would seem to me that by definition a case history is inevitably clinical or at least purely factual. The six years of research so admirably recorded in Mrs. Green's bibliography could not have been accomplished without a burning desire on her part to search out the truth. If the simple telling of that truth kindles the flames of action in the reader, the historian would indeed seem to have performed successfully a dual task. Mrs. Green is neither a journalist, a writer of fiction, nor a propagandist. "Industrial Valley" may well be the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the rubber strike, but who today turns to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to learn the facts about pre-war slavery in the South?

It would be a pity if Miss McKenney's emotional bias kept readers of her review away from a book that is a milestone in the popular writing of history by women in this country.

MINA CURTISS.
Formerly Associate Professor of English at Smith College.
Ashfield, Mass.

The Trees of Holyoke

SIR:—A little town, shelfed-away in the western end of the state of Massachusetts, bending to the curve of the Connecticut and rising to the hills, has been done a little dirt.

In the June 10 issue of the *Saturday Review of Literature* Miss Ruth McKenney reviewed a book on Holyoke, Mass., and it seems to me that though the purpose of the book is undeniably sincere, "the dark picture of Holyoke is quite unrelieved"—indeed.

The town may not have enjoyed the advantages of capitalist surplus wealth. I suppose they did take their money back to Boston with them. But, if I recall correctly, Holyoke refused the Carnegie Library offered it and built its own. As to schools, hospitals, and such, I wouldn't say that they are noticeably lacking.

In the beginning the industrialists may have built the town ugly. I wasn't around then. How they "kept the town ugly" is something which ought to make many Holyoke people step outside their doors and wonder about. Perhaps they've walked through its streets in the past without actually seeing what they saw.

That conservative newspaper mentioned in the review may be conservative to Miss Green, the author, or to Miss McKenney. But a remark like that in Holyoke would be good for a laugh.

And I suggest that if Miss McKenney really wants to see trees, old and gnarled, tall, stately, leafy, and all the rest, let her go to Holyoke. The trees, in my opinion, are its great merit, its impassioned rebellion against

(*Continued on page* 21)

"Okay, okay, I'll apply for a scholarship!"

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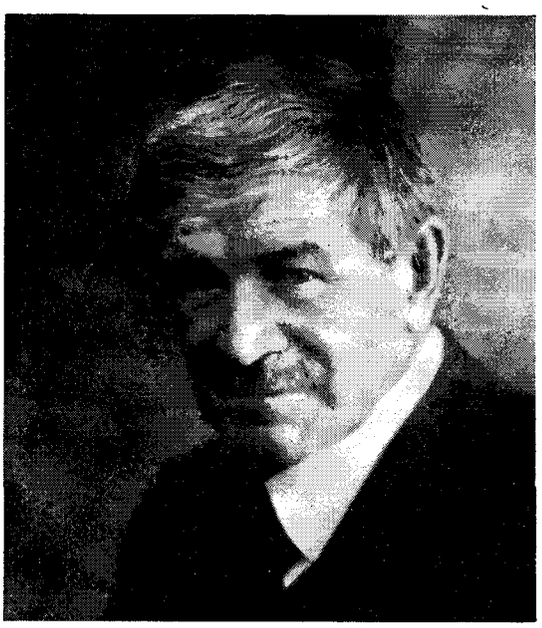
Twenty Cents' Worth of Murder

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK



Stephen Leacock

I AM one of those who like each night, after the fret and worry of the day, to enjoy about twenty cents' worth of murder before turning off the light and going to sleep. Twenty cents a night is about the cost of this, for first class murder by our best writers. Ten-cent murder is apt to be either stale or too suggestive of crime. But I am sure that I am only one of uncounted thousands of crime readers who feel that the health and enjoyment gained is well worth the price and share my gratitude towards the brilliant galaxy of crime writers who supply our needs. I could name them if I wished to, but every one knows them so well that it is needless.

They will not therefore take it amiss if I offer them a few suggestions, endorsed, I am sure, by the same thousands of readers, still uncounted, as to what we want and what we don't want in our current reading.

In the first place, if you don't mind, —don't kill the victim too soon. We like to get to know him a little first. I mean don't *start* with his *body*. Don't have Inspector Higginbottom summoned hastily in Paragraph One, of Page One, to the Mansions Apartments because there is a dead body just found upstairs. The thrill is too short. We lose interest. Even when it turns out that there's been "foul play" it doesn't rouse us; we expected it. Nor even when it turns out that the dead man is a leading member of the Stock Exchange; that's all right, we never heard of him anyway.

Oh, no, give us a chance to learn to know the man a little, and like him, and then his death is like that of a friend; or let him be such a mean hound that we get to hate him,—then, when his body is found, who is happier than us!

Now another little point, when you do find his body, don't have a string of people, a houseful of them, who have to be under suspicion one after the other, so that we can see it all coming,—the butler, the private secretary, the French maid, the handy man (too handy, perhaps),—well, everybody knows the standing list. All these people commit murders. To these are added the guests,—after all, do we really know them? And, now we think of it, even the family lawyer there over night,—family lawyers are often crooked. So everyone of these has to be "eliminated" one after the other,—all right for the author at ten cents a word for elimination, but poor stuff for us, even at a cent a page.

And, oh yes, with this, please cut out the diagram that goes with it called,—"Plan of Arundel House, Ground Floor, Upper Floor." It's a bum drawing, anyway, done by the author, of course, to make it look circumstantial. But it's the same plan, as a matter of fact, that I've seen for twenty-one years,—Arundel House, or Wistaria Lodge, or No. 1. Jefferson Avenue. It's all cut into little rooms, with gaps for doors, marked "study," "bedroom," "bath,"—only one bath for all those people,—and in one room is a little diagram like a sausage marked "body." Well, I can't study all that out,—I have no time. Never mind explaining what window "gives" on the lawn and what other windows "give" on what; windows always "give" in detective stories. In real life they are made to go up and down. And the French windows on the ground floor of Arundel House (Plan 1)—never mind explaining which side they're bolted on; I can't follow it.

Oh, yes, and finger prints. Don't have any. Really we're all tired of them. As a matter of fact, I'm glad to notice that a good many of the best people are cutting them out. Inspector Higginbottom shakes his head and murmurs "gloves." It seems that practically all people who are thinking of murder go round in gloves. I've noticed them on the street.

The same with footprints,—though I am not so sure about them. The old footprints that Sherlock used to trace are, of course, clean out of date. But the new scheme of Sherlock's scientific successor,—you all know who it is I mean,—the new scheme of blowing powder into a footprint of mud, filling it up with cement, and then taking out a perfect overshoe,—that's still good stuff.

Now as to your detective himself,—but no, I almost despair of trying to give advice; all I can say (and I speak for all of us) is mostly negative. Don't, of course, make him long and thin; that's dead; but, for Heaven's sake, not fat. Don't have him go without sleep; or go without food often for three or four hours at a stretch. Keep him decently fed, and, for *our* sake, not for his, give him drinks, plenty and often. Do you remember how, under prohibition, all the sleuthhounds had to begin to drink tea! You remember how the great detective would sit and think things out, "stirring his tea." I don't believe you can do it. Take some whiskey and, my! You'll begin to think fast.

There's one standard English crime writer, to whom I can never be sufficiently grateful, who makes a point, at every emergency in his story, of giving his characters a "stiff whiskey and soda." Inspector Higginbottom, as soon as he realizes that the body is that of Sir Charles, goes to the sideboard and pours out a "stiff whiskey and soda" all round! That's the stuff!

Of course you would ask why just whiskey and not champagne? It's too expensive. There is, as everybody knows, one prince of mystery story tellers who never conducts a crime without giving us at least half an hour at Monte Carlo, with "frosted champagne cocktails," and a Rumanian princess to look at! But it feels extravagant, for anybody brought up in a plain home with just whiskey.

And yet such is the contrariety of things, here is this author (I mean the one with the whiskey and soda—all my

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associated readers know exactly who it is I mean)—so fine about the drinks and yet falling into another fault that always exasperates us—filling his books with description and scenery. He begins, practically always, with a "Market Town,"—Hellborough, or some such place where they talk broad something; we can stand it for a street or two, but when it comes to the Town Hall, dating from Edward the Confessor, we pass. Scenery we don't need at all, except to take it fast, like a tourist in a picture gallery. You see, those of us who have read crime stories for twenty or thirty years, have got in our minds a collection of scenes like what they call the "sets" in a ten-twenty-thirty, theater. "Market Town of Hellborough!"—We have it; "Purlieus of Chicago,"—right, here you are; "Drawing room of the rectory,"—that's it,—or not, not that, that "Bar Room in Denver,"—but anyway we've got all our "sets." And a collection of weather, —it's odd the junk we carry in our minds, as an equipment for reading.

And there's this,—as you get near the end of the story, don't have them all chase one another round. I mean all the characters, bandits, detectives, etc.,—in a sort of grand climax. You know the kind of thing I mean—in and out of cellars, down rat holes, out through outhouses: poor old Edgar Wallace,—there, I hadn't meant to mention names, but never mind—could never get away from this; the sleuth trapped by the bandit, thrown into a cellar, water turned on, reaches his throat, dives out through a sewer, runs round in front, nails up the door, bandit trapped, goes to the attic, detective follows, detective trapped, bandit on roof, leaps into an aeroplane, detective crawls through a fly-screen, leaps into another aeroplane,—zoop! They're both gone. We have to begin over again.

And here's a point of importance for the conclusion itself. Don't be afraid to hang the criminal at the end; better lay the story, if you can, in a jurisdiction where they hang them because, to us, the readers, the electric chair sounds too uncomfortable. But hanging is old and respectable, and if you like you can use such a phrase as "went to the gallows," or "went to the scaffold," —that's as simple as Old Mother Hubbard. But I mean we want him *hanged;* don't let him fall into the sea out of his aeroplane. It's not good enough. Hold him tight by the pants till you get him to the gallows. And *don't* let your criminal get ill in prison, or get so badly wounded, or so heavily poisoned that he never gets tried, because he is "summoned before a Higher Court,"—Honestly, you can't get a higher criminal court than the State Court of Appeal. There isn't one.

I'll stop there. Other readers may have suggestions.

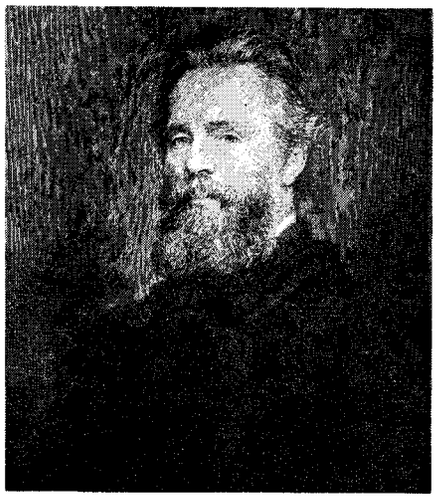
Melville and His Sources

MELVILLE IN THE SOUTH SEAS. By Charles Roberts Anderson. New York: Columbia University Press. 1939. 522 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by ODELL SHEPARD

IN order to be fair to this valuable book one must keep in mind its limitations of theme, purpose, and method. More moderate in tone than Lewis Mumford's study of Melville, less a work of literary criticism than John Freeman's, and much less extensive in scope, as its title indicates, than Raymond Weaver's, it is mainly concerned, the author says, "with an analysis of Melville's technique of composition" — or, as the present reviewer would prefer to say, with gathering the materials upon which that technique acted.

Professor Anderson shows himself in this book as a cool, industrious, highly



Herman Melville

skillful fact-finder. Confining his researches chiefly to the four years at sea which, though certainly the most important years of Melville's life, have hitherto been the least known, he finds an amazing quantity of facts, many of which are really pertinent to our understanding of a strange and enigmatic figure. His findings enable us to distinguish, for the first time, between those materials of "Typee," "Omoo," and "White Jacket" which were derived from personal experience and those that were drawn from Melville's reading. Other books may serve better than this one the needs of those who want a general introduction to Melville's mind and art, but no other book has added in a comparable degree to the little that we know about the man's life and the raw materials of his writing.

In describing the way in which rope-yarn is made by sailors, Melville says in his "Redburn" that "for materials they use odds and ends of old rigging called *junk,* the yarns of which are picked to pieces and then twisted into new combinations." This, he adds, is something like the way in which "most books are manufactured." And it is Professor Anderson's opinion that Melville's own books, or at any rate those that he wrote about the South Seas, were manufactured in much this way. For this opinion he advances a large amount of evidence, nearly all of which is entirely new. In accordance with the evidence he sets forth the books of Melville "less as masterpieces of creative imagination than as deliberately manufactured records . . . partly borrowed from the writings of other voyagers, partly fictionized autobiography, embellished and pointed for the sake of propaganda."

Although the tone of disparagement discernible in these words does not pervade his book, Professor Anderson brings before us a less imposing Melville than the one presented by other recent commentators. One reason for this may be that he knows much more about what the man Herman Melville did, what he read, and where he went —at least during the South Seas quadrennium—than others have known. Besides that, however, it is a secondary purpose of his study to strip Melville and his books of their "romantic trappings" and to bring before us not so much "America's mid-Victorian Jeremiah" as "the literary discoverer of the South Seas." In a sense, he is defending the young and eager Melville of the 1840s against the bearded Carlylean transcendentalist that he later became. More precisely speaking, he defends the facts of Melville's life and work against what he takes to be the fiction.

Like George Borrow, Herman Melville is hard to classify. Scarcely a novelist, not quite an autobiographer, and certainly not a veracious narrator of travels, he escapes the more obvious categories—unless, to be sure, one sets him down once for all as a liar. And even when one has come to the end of Professor Anderson's extremely able, learned, and heavily documented book, he remains a man of mystery. After one has been shown repeatedly that he had a "penchant for working from literary sources in preference even to his own observations" — and this is one trait, at least, which he had in common with Shakespeare—there is still the question of his unquestionable genius.

Concerning this genius and its precise nature Professor Anderson has little to say, probably because the dis-

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cussion of it is not his present business. He is as well aware as any of his readers can be that the tributaries of fact flowing down into Melville's imagination are important to us only because everything that came there suffered a sea-change. He does not know the method of that transformation, and so he does not really provide us with "an analysis of Melville's technique of composition"; but he does know that the transformation took place. He belongs, however, to that serviceable and timely school of contemporary scholarship which tries to get its facts right, and to get them in sufficient amount, before generalizing upon them. He is one of the members of this school who know that there are two ways, one of them scornful but the other patient and open-minded, in which we may ask the question, "What porridge had John Keats?"

A Soviet Realist

AGAINST AGGRESSION: Speeches by Maxim Litvinov, together with texts of treaties and of the Covenant of the League of Nations. New York: International Publishers. 1939. 208 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by VERA MICHELES DEAN

THIS collection of speeches by the former Soviet Foreign Commissar, accompanied by the texts of treaties of non-aggression and mutual assistance he had negotiated, cannot fail to be of interest at a moment when the future course of Soviet foreign policy is a matter of conjecture in the chancelleries of both democratic and totalitarian states. M. Litvinov's comments on international affairs delivered during the period 1934-1938, mainly in Geneva and the U.S.S.R., make good reading on two counts—because of their unflinching realism and their pungent sense of humor. Whatever else may be said about Soviet leaders, they never shared the illusions of their Western colleagues regarding the ultimate aims of Hitler's "Mein Kampf." In 1935, when Germany rearmed in violation of the Versailles Treaty, Litvinov asked: "What is to be done if a country which demands or assumes the right to arm is exclusively led by people who have publicly announced as the program of their foreign policy a policy which consists, not only in revenge, but in the unrestricted conquest of foreign territory and the destruction of the independence of whole states?"—a question not raised by Mr. Chamberlain until after Hitler's occupation of Bohemia and Moravia.

To this question Litvinov answered by presenting a program of what might be described as preventive international medicine. His assumption was that the best way to check aggression was to convince the would-be aggressor that he would be met with overwhelming force. He scoffed at those who urged the creation of a universal League, contending that there could be no basis for collaboration between peace-minded countries (even though bourgeois) and treaty-breakers. He demanded that League obligations, far from being diluted, should be strengthened and made automatic. He declared again and again that peace is indivisible, that no bonuses in the form of concessions should be made to sword-rattling nations, that a solid front of collective security should be built on a foundation of regional pacts of mutual assistance. At the same time, he did not exclude the possibility of trade with the fascist powers, such as the Soviet Union, in spite of ideological differences, has successfully carried on with Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy. Nor did he encourage the belief in Western countries that the Soviet Union was eager to join any blocs or combinations. Russia, he said in 1936, "will calmly let other states weigh and evaluate the advantages which can be derived for peace from close coöperation with the Soviet Union, and understand that the Soviet Union can give more than receive"—a formula which aptly describes the course of the Anglo-Soviet negotiations conducted by his successor, Premier Molotov.

While it would be difficult to doubt the sincerity of M. Litvinov's peace declarations, which express both the needs and desires of the U.S.S.R., his

Trouble from the Moon

THE HOPKINS MANUSCRIPT. By R. C. Sherriff. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1939. 352 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MR. Sherriff's contribution to the eschatological literature so popular of late among English writers is that of a good novelist who has not sufficiently realized that apocalypse is a specialized subdivision of fiction, with its own special exigencies. When you tell of the collapse of civilization you must either write a first-rate news story, or show it through some character sympathetic to the reader. Mr. Sherriff prefers to let us have it as seen by an elderly bachelor, fussy, self-centered, and complacent, whose concern is less in the destruction of England than in the incidental destruction of his prize hens. The method has its ironic values, but it gives away more than it gains.

Little can be said about the story without destroying the skillfully built up suspense. Mr. Sherriff has been lavish (and original) enough to give us a succession of three catastrophes, the first of which involves the moon. As pure writing it is effectively handled, but his moon behaves like no moon known to contemporary science; if you are well read either in astronomy or in this kind of fiction, you will be unable to swallow that part of the story at all. Once past the lunar catastrophe he does better. The high-hearted unity with which the survivors get to the work of cleaning up and reconstruction is convincing to anyone who saw the same thing on a smaller scale after the New England hurricane, and so are the greedy nationalist rivalries over the exploitation of new and unexpected wealth which eventually put an end to reconstruction and bring on the later catastrophies. Here Sherriff's irony functions effectively again; as it does in the foreword by the Imperial Research Press of Addis Ababa, whose archeologists discover the manuscript a thousand years later. This sort of thing could be done very badly; Sherriff does it very well. It is a testimonial to his skill that you go on reading the book in spite of its defects.

R. C. Sherriff

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program of preventive medicine seems concerned solely with the problem of checking the spread of the disease, not with removing its causes. His chief preoccupation appears to be maintenance of the European *status quo*, not constructive discussion of the problems which threaten to disrupt it.

Vera Micheles Dean is editor of the Foreign Policy Association.

English Village Life

LARK RISE. By Flora Thompson. New York: Oxford University Press. 1939. 288 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

HERE is an account of the daily life of an Oxfordshire hamlet. It is a very unusual, almost a unique book, for it sees this life, not through the windows of the Rectory or the Hall, but from the level of the villagers themselves: Miss Thompson was born in one of the cottages that she describes. She writes with skill, simplicity, from a warm heart, and out of a spirited memory.

Moreover, she writes about village life in the 1880s, before the invasion of those two reformers—the automobile and the radio. True, there was a railway in her time. It roared over a viaduct three miles away. But all it meant to the villagers was that it emptied their highroads of traffic, so that the mud and dust were the less disturbed. Since they did not use it themselves, the world into which it might have carried them remained almost unknown. They lived within their parish boundaries and within the circle of the four seasons: they lived in poverty and they did not question it.

Lark Rise is an invented name for a hamlet that lies six miles from Bicester and nineteen miles from Oxford. This reviewer, who spent many years in a village seven miles from Bicester and twenty-one miles from Oxford, can attest to the fact that Miss Thompson has depicted the people of this region with love and truth and without any sentimentality. It is the historical nature—almost the historical mission—of the countryside to accept innovations with caution; and the Oxfordshire village cannot have changed in essentials since those distant years about which she is writing. Her book, therefore, serves a double purpose. It is a vivid document, giving us the minutest details of the life of agricultural laborers in the eighties. It also tells us something about the pride, dignity, and independence which underlay their impoverishment and their resignation. These three qualities are still Oxfordshire qualities, and it is pleasant to read about them in so good and unpretentious a book.

In Partnership with the Land

NEBRASKA: A GUIDE TO THE CORNHUSKER STATE. Compiled and Written by the Federal Writers' Project. New York: The Viking Press. 1939. 424 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE GRIMES

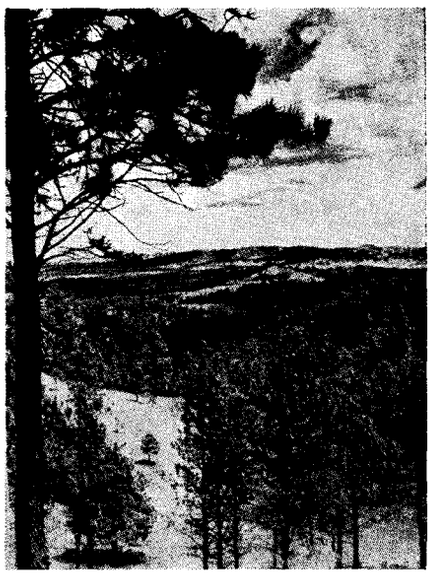
THIS is the best book yet to be written about Nebraska. The fact-seekers and writers recruited by WPA have brought into this Guide not only the salty history of a vigorous people, but also their lasting kinship with the soil their grandfathers homesteaded, and have put into the narrative of triumph the record of failure and lost causes too. They have found the truth that supports Willa Cather's sturdy Swedes and Bohemians who loved the land so much; as well as the truth that makes Mari Sandoz's "Old Jules" at once the best liked and best hated book about Nebraska by a Nebraskan.

Tourists usually don't linger in Nebraska. They speed across its highways in a fever to get to east or west coast or the national parks; or they see its wheat and cornfields and alfalfa and sandhills from the luxury of a streamlined dining car; or they fly above its rolling prairies in planes by night. They don't "get" the state, at all.

But the first who came traveled the long journey along the Platte in the Mormon trains, or in a forty-niner cavalcade, or in the covered wagons that rutted the Oregon Trail so deeply the marks may still be seen in certain areas. Many of them decided this land was good, and ended their journey. They peopled Nebraska. There came then groups of Germans, and of Swedes, and of Irish, and of Bohemians, and of Danes. They found the land, too, of their hearts' desire.

They broke the sod, weathered blistering drouth of summer and freezing blizzard of winter, saw their grains sacrificed to the greedy grasshopper—but they stayed on the land. Their sons and daughters and grandchildren stay still; and give the state its present lustiness, as well as its financial shrewdness, its conservatism as expressed by a tight hold upon governmental purse strings, and its progressivism as exemplified in the Populists ("pops"), then Bryan, and now George W. Norris.

A fascinating state and people—and the Guide presents the whole picture. The book is rich with Americana—cowboy songs, early and mournful poetry, recollections of Indian music and buffalo hunts, the saga of the Kinkaider, the dry-farmer, and the cattle baron; the tale of the traders and speculators building little towns and only two big cities, but making them modern and magnificent.



Chadron National Park, Neb.

> It is this determination to remain on the land, this never ending struggle of human strength and will against natural forces, that characterizes the Nebraska temperament. . . . Its educators train youths as vigorous as the farms to which, in large measure, they will return; its legislators arrive fresh from talking to constituents face to face. People take a personal and peculiarly close interest in government. This, along with a tenacious love of the land, is a characteristic trait.

The first 150 pages summarize the people, their history, their culture. Then follows an accurate and realistic section devoted to Omaha, Beatrice, Lincoln, and the other important towns, so many with charming Indian names; a series of suggested tours that notes all the historic places as well as the beauty in Nebraska—and Nebraska is beautiful either in peaceful farming area or rugged Wild Cat hills that New England would proudly claim as mountains. There are numerous photos, old and new. A chronology begins with Coronado's Spanish horsemen in 1541 and closes in 1937 with the first unicameral legislature.

Nebraskans will treasure the book. They will hope, too, that it induces the hurrying travelers to pause awhile for a first-hand study of the nation's only state that relies only upon the soil and its products for its fundamental wealth—for Nebraska has no minerals, forests, oil, and little enough of industry. It is earth and people on it—the oldest and soundest of partnerships.

George Grimes is managing editor of the Omaha World-Herald.

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Black Bart. Drawing by Giacomo Patri.

Lo the Poor Bandit

TINTYPES IN GOLD. Four Studies in Robbery. By Joseph Henry Jackson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1939. 191 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES GRAY

NEXT to murder, highway robbery is probably the most sympathetic of all possible crimes. There is a finality of recklessness to its technique which cannot but endear its practice to the heart of the mildest Caspar Milquetoast among us. Yearning secretly after violence, we love to let a moment's leisure reflect the bright colors of audacity, caught from the pages of a book.

Joseph Henry Jackson has found exactly the right way to dramatize his four road-agents. They are not monsters of depravity but men like ourselves, driven either by boredom or by a sense of being unappreciated into anti-social behavior.

Made to order for Mr. Jackson's purposes is Black Bart, the mysterious, masked man who in the late years of the last century carried on quite a nice little business in outlawry. He held up twenty-seven California stage coaches with perfect success and faltered in the twenty-eighth attempt so innocently as almost to enlist a reader's regret.

He was the perfect highwayman, because when he was not speaking in a deep resonant voice out of the flour sack over his head and telling drivers to "throw down the box" containing the treasure, he was just about as nice a little middle-aged gentleman as you would be likely to encounter in a Sunday school. He dressed nattily, knew only the most eminently respectable people, and when he had small encounters with the police in broad daylight awakened their most protective instincts. Then suddenly he would pop his flour sack over his head and in an orderly, business-like way rob another stage coach.

He was fanciful even in the plying of his profession. He loved to leave verses of his own composition at the scene of the crime. They were gently philosophical and waggish in tone and were always signed "the PO8." If that is not a very good joke to begin with, the circumstances under which it was sprung improve its quality.

The films have lately been having dreadfully hard time trying to make early American desperadoes into creatures combining the best features of heroism and villainy. It has been a rather dreary business. Mr. Jackson is much cleverer. He makes them humorous. Another of his bad men had a curious fatality in all his dealings with horses. They invariably threw him at the crucial moment and several times betrayed him badly. One more of these alternately artful and artless villains got into uplift work each time he was sent to prison.

A very charming job of writing Mr. Jackson has done. He knows his early California history well. He has explored the records carefully and given excellent organization to the facts. He writes humorously, zestfully, never resorting to coyness as some of the experts in murder stories have been apt to do. He has claimed a corner of the field of violence all to himself, writing of it like a gentleman, a scholar, and a judge of good brigands.

Three Pioneer Realists

(*Continued from page* 4)

pitiful attempts to found a social aristocracy, their grappling for favors, their monumental bad taste, and their essential cruelty. The rising tide of wealth, most conspicuously displayed in the great trading capitals of New York and Chicago, disgusted him; and it was with inexpressible indignation that the small-town banker's son recorded it as his authenticated observation that it required no less than three-quarters of a million dollars to live fashionably in New York at the turn of the century.

Plutocracy, however, was but a phase to Phillips. He saw ahead of it to progress as the diffusion of intelligence, in democracy as a climate of ideas. It was with such an aim in mind that he wrote until 1908 that group of novels by which he is best remembered, but which does not display his best talents. He was anxious to contribute to the educative process; but it is along the very limitations of that contribution that one marks his failure as a novelist. He packed into his novels an unparalleled density of information; he wrote on politics in "The Plum Tree," on finance in "The Deluge" and "The Cost," on the penalties of wealth in "The Master Rogue," on the insurance scandals uncovered by Charles Evans Hughes in "The Light-Fingered Gentry," and tried to frame more loosely a general criticism of industrial ethics in "The Second Generation." He recorded precise case-histories of stock-juggling and political fixing, of monopolization and industrial politics, but it is under the surface of that current of fact that his real interest lay. In reality Phillips was a novelist of marriage; like his greater contemporary, Robert Herrick, he based his understanding of a competitive society on the dangers it presented to the marriage equipoise. His women are almost always idealists, and their fastidiousness is a challenge to the enslavement to the industrial or political machine of their lovers and husbands. As their love goes, so goes the moral progress of the hero. When a man and a woman are reconciled on the last page of a Phillips novel, you may be sure that the stock-market will never see him again.

Phillips's greatest asset as a novelist of society was his appreciation of necessity, but he was often faithless to it. Determinism reaps its victims in his books as inexorably as in any naturalist novel, but he always weakened and brought in some *deus ex machina* at the end. It is a very clumsy romantic mechanism, and it cheapens his best books into mediocre romance. His intensity sprang out of his whole-

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hearted detestation of ostentatious wealth. "Conventionally, it is man's chief business to get rich," he wrote in "The Light-Fingered Gentry," "woman's chief business to keep young looking." He wrote of "that hungry look, sometimes frankly there, again disguised by a slimy overlayer of piety, again by whiskers or fat, but always there," which he detected on the financier. Respectability, as he saw it work out in myriads of careers that wasted a man's best talents and frustrated his good instincts, was a pitiful ambition. It was to the greed for wealth, the visitation of the locust, that he laid the tarnishing of American life, and it is by renunciation in his most positive novel, "The Second Generation," that men build Jerusalem again in Indiana's green and pleasant land. Phillips's theory of salvation led him to a vision of small, quiet lives humbly and usefully led, on what was most casual to the Jeffersonian dream. But that is not the limbo from which his Moll Flanders in "Susan Lenox," his most full-blooded work, chortles in undisguised contempt for a civilization resounding to the clink of coin.

It was on the shoulders of reform-bent novelists seeking a new republic that Robert Herrick, who was least the reformer, mounted as the superior mind at work. It was a distinction not so vivid to his day as to ours; for Herrick brought to American fiction the resources of the civilized tradition, where so many of his companion novelists radiated only the domestic grandeur of Theodore Roosevelt. A product of Harvard and a professor at the University of Chicago for thirty years, he assumed the mission of those young people sent out from Massachusetts before the Civil War to educate the heathen over the frontier. It was his destiny to live out most of his life in the capital of that frontier world of acquisitive energy, and by it he made his creative life—a spectator from his academic window at the play of business and finance. Overshadowed by the bulking figure of Dreiser, supplanted in part by the keener artistry of Edith Wharton, Herrick has been too long the victim of a mechanical reading of the facts which has seen in him only a more fastidious David Graham Phillips and an almost exotic precursor of the great social fiction that crossed and darkened his creative career. He has been tricked by the selective chronology of literary historians and penalized for those very qualities of mind that make his work the most sensitive analysis of the upper middle-class life of his time.

Read together, Herrick's books form a canon of startling unity—precise, firm at the core, and held together by a solid approach to life that never wavered into the easy charity of sentimentalism. His subject was the business man: the lumpish, driving, essentially humane common soul raised to the dignity of business enterprise, the business man as lover and creator, as trickster and child, the entrepreneur as the most conspicuous product of a century and a half of American energy, ambition, and spiritual inertia. It was a labor dedicated to what was best in the human spirit, and it was founded on a distate mounting to repulsion. That hatred for his subject is the central element in the Herrick canon. By it he guided his way to a final unresolved mysticism as aloof from America as it was from the Packingtown he loathed; upon it he built those monuments to a single man's acquisitive hopes which arise in each of his novels to be demolished with wry and regular precision; from it he drew the irony which nourished his moral criticism of society.

For Herrick, as for Phillips, the oppression of a business civilization could be resolved only in terms of slavery or freedom. Slavery signified "the curse of egotism," the drive toward success, the pestilential growth of fashion and greed that had poisoned the heart. It is precisely in his mastery of all its forms that one marks Herrick's superiority over the novelists of the day. The reigning emotion of the political novelists over whom even Phillips towers, was shock; they had been shocked out of their own naiveté, and they determined to shock the public back. Their method was to pile detail upon detail in the style that flowers into Phillips's heavy, surface portraits of the ascendant class on display, with its elaborate documentation of food and dress, rapacity and ugliness. Herrick pierced the conventional spectacle and the conventional indignation to present the trading class in undress. He sought not its grossness but its sadness, not its paraphernalia but its emptiness. It is that approximation of the tragic sense that gives him his distinction. Looking back into the past, he could bestow his love and loyalty only upon the first merchants, those "old merchants," solid, bluff, and honest, who appear in his novels as examples to their erring sons; in the present only upon the technician, usually as physician and architect, healer and builder, who worked in the spirit of medieval craftsmanship, love of the work for its own end.

Between lay the rising class of trust-builders and financiers, monopolists and gorgers, who lived in the "cliff-city," the men of metal, robbed of all freshness, living in some frozen domain of appearance, their wives robots of fashion, their wills trapped in the endless task of piling money up to no conscious purpose. The class below, without land or tools or push, was a sodden mass, neither evil nor important, the immemorial slave class, greatly to be pitied but not vital enough to characterize in detail.

The very reticence of Herrick's attack was deceiving because it was so well-bred. Because he went beyond the limits of material reform, it has been assumed that he had no answer. He had an answer, and its limitations lay not in its timidity but in the quality of its purity. As a critic of Philistia, he goes beyond the class-conduct maxims of a Matthew Arnold; he took refuge from the machine in the dream of a perfect order, such as Veblen later dreamed of a society of engineers, a society run on skill, through which would course the exuberance of the creative mind. There was a passion in Herrick that was never fulfilled; it clouds his books like the smoke that drifts from the burning Pullman cars in "The Web of Life" over the Chicago of 1894, turning and dissolving in the atmosphere of crisis and impending struggle, spilling the ashes of its eventual failure. In truth, he was the prisoner of his own conscience and training. He could not place his faith in makeshift laws and the politics of the moment; he believed too completely, out of the fullness of a great sensibility, in individual perfection.

It is not because his regenerated heroes, when they do see the light, move to a world totally unrelated to the world in which they have prospered materially, that his novels lack some final excellence. It is because his case histories of American business are moralities leading to an end that he could not define in contemporary terms. One sees that in the bathos of the love scenes between Margaret Cole and Falkner in "Together," the lovers who have escaped and can express themselves only by incoherence; in the unreality of John Lane's retreat from Chicago to Arizona, so that John Lane in command of a big railroad in Chicago is enslaved, but engaged in building up a small one in Arizona, is free; in the comedy of Adelle Clark's attempts to give away her fortune in Clark's Field; in the romantic extravagance of the backwoods scenes in "The Healer." Herrick could not rise in his books to a naked *O altitudo!* The dream is always there, and the reality is always Chicago. Thus his heroes flee by the railroad where Lohengrin fled by the swan. The places of refuge for Herrick's liberated men and women are place-names of a silent allegory, cities only on the map of the spirit: where your heart is, there will your treasure be also.

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Blueprints for Democracy

THE NEW DEMOCRACY AND THE NEW DESPOTISM. By Charles E. Merriam. New York: Whittlesey House. 1939. 278 *pp., with index.* $3.

DICTATORSHIP IN THE MODERN WORLD. Edited by Guy Stanton Ford. University of Minnesota Press. 1939. 362 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by DAVID H. POPPER

FOR large political units like the United States the cult of democracy is not an old one. Under the New Deal its symbols and its emotional appeal have been given a noticeably anti-fascist twist—so much so that proto-fascists like Congressman Thorkelson have been impelled to explain that the Founding Fathers set up a republic, something far different from Roosevelt democracy which verges on socialism. It should be fairly clear by now that battle is joined in America between progressive conservatives and radical reactionaries, between those who would go forward gradually toward the ideal of an ordered welfare state and those who would transplant the trappings of European dictatorships to our shores. In such a combat supporters of the democratic ideology need every resource they can command, whether it take the shape of defense of their own doctrine or reasoned survey of the characteristics of the opposition's.

Professor Merriam's statement of the case for enlightened democracy is therefore highly opportune. His is not the formal democracy of the classical theorists, but a modern version of governmental aims and procedures. It is not a blueprint of organization, but a "cast of thought and a mode of action directed toward the commonweal as interpreted and directed by the common will." To those who intimate that democracy can be preserved only by the maintenance of private enterprise and to those who proclaim the impossibility of true democracy as long as the capitalist system continues to exist, Professor Merriam makes earnest rejoinder. There is no predetermined relationship, he maintains, between democracy and any particular scheme of economic organization. What is vital is that control and direction of general political policy rest with the bulk of the community. What must be fought is the dogma of despotism, the belief in the superior efficacy of centralization of irresponsible authority in the hands of an individual or a small elite.

Yet the basic requirements of this modern democratic society cannot be achieved under an indefinite variety of political, social, and economic conditions. It is plain that the outworn conceptions of *laissez-faire* economics cannot stand in the way of diffusion of the benefits of modern technology to the masses of the modern community. Unwarranted special privileges of all types must be eliminated. Interests and liberties in the non-political realm must not be ruthlessly coördinated within the ambit of a totalitarian state. The ballot and the representative council, imperfect but essential instruments for translating mass judgment into reality, must be retained. Flexible and responsive planning bodies must function to further community welfare, and popular decisions must be executed in the public interest by an honest and capable bureaucracy. Democracies must strive for the elimination of violence from the international scene and its replacement by a world order based on law. In foreign affairs force may have to be met by force.

Such is Professor Merriam's general pattern for the new democracy. Rooted in concern for the common well-being, it still exercises enormous sway over the American mass mind. Professor Merriam is convinced that both its spiritual and its practical assets are superior to those of the fascist dictatorships. Yet as long as its operation is hampered by ignorance, dishonesty in public office and out, the siren appeal of Left-wing and Right-wing extremists, and the opposition of certain benighted economic interests, democracy cannot fulfill its unequaled promise. Men may justly fear that the fascist unanimity of purpose and harmonization of conflicting pressures, often more apparent than real, will exercise an irresistible appeal on the American public.

To combat this development nothing is more necessary than a sober survey of the attributes of modern dictatorship and its accomplishments in the twentieth-century world. The revised edition of "Dictatorship in the Modern World," thoroughly up to date in every respect, offers precisely the kind of survey and discussion needed at this critical hour. No brief review can adequately encompass the work of the fourteen scholars who have contributed to this symposium. The principal dictatorships of Europe, Asia, and Latin America are succinctly described by specialists in the field, with as fair and unbiased a viewpoint as may be expected from an intellectual delving into a subject in which rational values count for so little. Other essays on the pattern and mechanics of dictatorship, the economics of fascism, the place of propaganda, and the prospects for democracy reveal a keen insight into the essentials of modern despotism, a certain area of disagreement regarding its economic theses and achievements, and a very healthy respect for its infectious qualities. Certain it is that if modern democracies stand paralyzed and torn by factionalism in the face of the military cohesion of the dictatorial states, their future is exceedingly dark.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 275)

PAUL E. MORE:
"JONATHAN EDWARDS"

Thus, for all his emotionalism, he lived under the control of an iron will, and he could not comprehend how the overstimulation of terror and joy in a weaker disposition would work moral havoc.

"An Archangel, a Little Damaged"

THE LIFE OF S. T. COLERIDGE: THE EARLY YEARS. By Lawrence Hanson. New York: Oxford University Press. 1939. 575 *pp., with index.* $5.

WORDSWORTH AND COLERIDGE: Studies in Honor of George McLean Harper. Edited by Earl Leslie Griggs. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1939. 354 *pp., with index.* $4.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER COWIE

DOUBTLESS Lamb was right: Coleridge was "an archangel, a little damaged." Yet general interest has centered too little in Coleridge's seraphic qualities and too much in the processes by which his wings became soiled. In any case Coleridge's ruin was not dramatic. He was no Lucifer hurled headlong to the depths for his pride. Coleridge crept to his doom, an irresolute angel, robbed of his luster by petty, cumulative sins. Outwardly his career was a record of broken promise and eventual failure, for (in his own words) he was "not *fit* for *public* life." Even his career as a poet suffered eclipse. For a brief moment his smoldering genius leaped into a flame so brilliant that he at once secured for himself a place among the major English poets. Thereafter it flickered and glowed from time to time; but no one, not even Wordsworth, could rekindle the blaze that had produced "Kubla Khan" and "Christabel."

Yet the god-like mind of Coleridge moved steadily amid the crumbling of his worldly plans. It is one of the distinctions of Lawrence Hanson's excellent biography of Coleridge that it provides materials for an adequate study of Coleridge's mind. Coleridge was dominated by a desire for unity. He wished to achieve a synthesis of thought which should harmonize intellect and intuition. He believed that philosophy must be reconciled with religion, and to him religion was a matter of individual faith. The key to Coleridge's thought in this respect, as well as to much of his literary theory, is his own statement: "I feel strongly and I think strongly, but I seldom feel without thinking or think without feeling." Nor was he a mere metaphysician seeking to erect a system for its own sake. He tested thought by its power

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to do good, and he wished to benefit humanity by arriving at some sort of "practical religion." The quest was a difficult one, but Coleridge persisted in it out of the highest motives and with the utmost reverence for the Great Cause. Not without reason did a contemporary refer to him as a "pure and benevolent spirit." His trivial vices never ate into his soul; seen in contrast to his brother-in-law Southey, who prudently observed all proper canons for success, Coleridge's essential fineness is revealed. Even Wordsworth is treated with a faint chilliness by Mr. Hanson as being a man unduly cautious and private in his nature. Coleridge's very weaknesses endeared him to men, for they were not rooted in selfishness. The words of Lamb epitomize the attitude of all who knew him well: "The more I see of him . . . the more cause I see to love him, and believe him *a very good man.*" Coleridge's brilliancy of mind was equalled by the true piety of his spirit.

Mr. Hanson's work is no mere "psychograph" or interpretation, but a rounded and thoroughly documented biography. The present volume covers only the early years, concluding with the move to Keswick in 1800. Each phase of Coleridge's life is treated with a fullness made possible partly by a vast accumulation of Coleridge scholarship from various hands, and partly by the author's own prodigious research. The book stresses the Pantisocracy fiasco, Coleridge's friendships, the association with the Wordsworths (in which Coleridge gave as much as he received), the trip to Germany, and the various periodical ventures. In a study of this sort a brisk narrative pace is out of the question. Nor has the author tried to give his work a journalistic front that might attract cash customers. Yet his work is very readable, and it is from almost every point of view so admirable that one can only look forward to its continuation in the confidence that the completed work will constitute one of the more important literary biographies of recent years.

"Wordsworth and Coleridge" is a garland of essays published in honor of George McLean Harper. The frantic manner in which such volumes are generally assembled is not suggested by the high average of the essays here contained. Edited by Earl Leslie Griggs, himself an able Coleridgean, the work includes contributions by many well-known names: Émile Legouis, Raymond D. Havens, Oscar James Campbell, Newton P. Stallknecht, Ernest de Selincourt, Leslie Nathan Broughton, M. Ray Adams, Samuel H. Monk, Gerard Hartley Buchanan Coleridge, B. R. McElderry, Jr., Earl Leslie Griggs, Clarence DeWitt Thorpe, Edith J. Morley. In conclusion there is an "appreciation" by J. Duncan Spaeth followed by a bibliography of Professor Harper's publications. The volume as a whole is a fitting memorial to a very distinguished scholar.

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Medieval Influences on the Elizabethans

INDUCTION TO TRAGEDY. By Howard Baker. University, La.: Louisiana State University Press. 1939. $2.75.

Reviewed by JOHN WILCOX

THE dissertation of John W. Cunliffe, for years the classic statement of the influence of Seneca on the form and substance of Elizabethan tragedy, has been meeting rough treatment in recent years. Here it is finally liquidated. This turn is the result of a series of studies on medieval philosophizing about the Wheel of Fortune. By tossing the classic influence out of Elizabethan tragedy, Mr. Baker has provided a purge similar to the earlier rejection of Molière's influence on Restoration comedy. In the light of present-day scholarship, great English drama is more completely indigenous than any one believed.

This conclusion has been approached slowly, for since A. C. Bradley first related Shakespearean tragedy to medieval speculation about human destiny, scholars have been constantly piling up evidence that English thought in the sixteenth century was, to a greater extent than previously held, an extension and modification of ideas current through the middle ages. Humanistic influences did not replace the significant medieval heritage in the concept of tragedy, as the studies of Lily B. Campbell, Theodore Spencer, and Willard Farnham have made clear. The scholarly exposition by Mr. Farnham of the descent of Elizabethan tragedy from the philosophy of Boccaccio's narrations about the fall of princes had not refuted Dr. Cunliffe's demonstration that Senecan tragedy was the formative influence. But Mr. Baker now offers cogent evidence that the real influence on "Gorboduc," on "The Spanish Tragedy," and on "Titus Andronicus" was not Senecan, but medieval. His study shows that Cunliffe's parallels are fortuitous resemblances, not proof of a causal relation. Mr. Baker, in short, has cleared away the weeds that have been crowding Mr. Farnham's new growth.

With a happy combination of scholarly accuracy and a pointed style, Mr. Baker eliminates familiar dicta one by one. He makes us see that the five-act formula of "Gorboduc" entered tragedy by way of the school comedies like "Roister Doister," and that the chorus was more the medieval interpreter than the classic adjunct to action. He shows us that medieval ideas determined the Elizabethan attitude toward decorum and the unities, not Senecan tradition; that messengers and ghosts entered from gothic narrative; and that rant, sensationalism, and sententious precepts came direct from the Middle Ages. He leaves Senecan imitation with "Gismond of Salerne" and "The Misfortunes of Arthur" as the pathetic survivors of a once flourishing brood. Elizabethan tragedy did not deal with Aristotelian purges of fear and pity after all. It stemmed from the pervasive sense of conflict between the love of life and a contempt for the world.

Mr. Wilcox is Professor of English at Wayne University and author of "The Relation of Molière to Restoration Comedy."

Business as Usual

IN SEARCH OF PEACE. By The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, M. P. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1939. 309 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

UNTIL the day when Mr. Chamberlain can retire to Birmingham and write his memoirs, this collection of some thirty speeches must stand as his personal explanation of British foreign policy before and after the Munich Agreement. The Prime Minister provides—usually in the House of Commons—a running commentary on Herr Hitler's progress across Central Europe, and on Britain's progress from apathy to resentment. Those who have followed contemporary diplomacy with any care will find little new material here, for Mr. Chamberlain's addresses frequently reveal inadequate information, official bias, or studied ambiguity. The editor, Mr. Arthur Bryant, distorts the picture still further with introductory notes that praise but do not explain.

The self-portrait offered in these addresses confirms both the best and worst that has been written about the Prime Minister. Most American publicists have described him as a Tory who is sacrificing the Empire for the immediate interests of his class. It is at least clear that Mr. Chamberlain lacks the brilliant sarcasm and imperialist fervor of Winston Churchill, and the youthful idealism and graceful style of Anthony Eden. The Prime Minister has, however, a simplicity, dignity, political skill, and quiet humor that lend weight to his informal and often pedestrian sentences.

Mr. Chamberlain appears in these pages as a business man, sincerely devoted to peace but uncertain as to methods for its attainment. Limited in imagination and unfamiliar with European diplomacy, he reveals an almost pathetic faith in the traditional techniques of the industrial world. Here we have the Birmingham manufacturer trying to carry on business as usual with the Berlin revolutionist. The result for Mr. Chamberlain is disillusionment and dismay—a sense of personal humiliation. Rarely, if ever, in British history has a Prime Minister so completely reversed all his policies while remaining in office, or approached a general election with so little challenge from the opposition.

Goddess of Childbirth

THE PRIESTS OF LUCINA. By Palmer Findley, M.D. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1939. 421 *pp., with index.* $5.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

THE history of medical science, art, and lore is actually in effect the history of civilization. Every known tribe and nation has struggled to relieve suffering and to postpone death, and the methods used at any particular time or in any locality are an invaluable index of its general culture at that time and in that locality. It is moreover a story crowded with drama, and one that is attracting an increasing number of medical men. Among these is the distinguished gynecologist and obstetrician, Dr. Findley.

Dr. Findley's present book differs from others of its kind in that he tells his story largely through the lives and personalities of his prophets, and by tracking down all available records, tries to give them a sharper perspective than most of them have had heretofore, and in that his heroes are mainly those of his own specialty. His patron saint—or perhaps his muse—is the goddess of childbirth, Juno Lucina, but although she evidently has tried to keep him tied to her apron strings, he manages to escape from her repeatedly to wander over the entire field of medical history, thereby adding much to our interest.

The book's subject matter is divided into two sections; in the first, after briefly reviewing the medical practices of primitive man and those of the ancient Oriental civilizations, we come to Hippocrates and the birth of modern medicine, after which the tale unfolds by means of chronologically presented biographical sketches. Some of these will be familiar to the reader of recent "popular" medicine, but the great majority he can hardly have met before. The second section consists of five chapters that deal with special phases of obstetrics, such as the introduction of forceps by the extraordinary Chamberlains, puerperal fever, and the like. One of its most interesting chapters is that devoted to the midwives who had complete control of the field during all the centuries in which obstetrics was the ignored stepchild of medicine. (It was only when kings began to worry about their mistresses' deliveries that men began to edge in). Some of these midwives were of noble birth, and many were women of great learning and skill. One would like to know more of their lives.

In spite of its interest, this book can hardly be recommended to the general reader, since it presupposes more technical knowledge than he is likely to possess. To students, the medical profession, nurses, and others with biological background, it should prove interesting and highly stimulating.

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Virginibus Puerisque

The Saturday Review's Guide to the Season's Books for Children

Title and author	*Age & Sex*	*What It's About*	*Our Opinion*
HERBERT THE LION *Clare T. Newberry* (Harpers: $2.)	3-7 Both	Reissue of nonsense picture-book, longer story, more and bigger pictures. The amiable Herbert is funnier than ever.	Delightful
ON THE FARM *W. W. & Irene Robinson* (Macmillan: $2.)	4-6 Both	Big picture book of farm animals with simple text. Method and ideas good, but the style and pictures just miss.	Passable, but not perfect
THE COUNTRY BUNNY *Du Bose Heyward* (Houghton Mifflin: $1.50)	4-8 Both	Story picture book, which children will love. How the mother of 21 children became one of the famous Easter bunnies. Illustrated by Marjorie Flack.	Fun and morals combined
DOROTHY GORDON'S TREASURE BAG OF GAME SONGS (Dutton: $1.50)	4-10 Both	Songs, pictures, how to play games as you sing; chosen from the author's radio programs. Illustrated by Veronica Reed.	Useful as well as fun
AND A GOOD FAT HEN *Eleanor Troy Williams* (Putnam: $1.50)	4-6? We say 12-20 Both	A traditional nonsense memory feat, with the author's sketches. Very highbrow, but probably not beyond the wits of *Saturday Review* families.	Fairly amusing
THE WEATHERCOCK *Simonne Ratel* (Appleton-Century: $1.75)	6-8 Both	About a proud weathercock in a French village. May be less nonsensical in its native tongue, but is hard to take in English. Pretty pictures.	Does not translate successfully
SAN BAO *Marian Cannon* (Dutton: $1.50)	8-10 Both	San Bao goes to the Peking fair with his father and his donkey. Realistic story of China (no war!) with beautiful pictures.	Unusual
ABRAHAM LINCOLN *Ingri & Edgar Parin d'Aulaire* (Doubleday, Doran: $2)	Up to 10 Both	The life of Abraham Lincoln, up to the eve of his assassination. It refuses to include this unhappy ending, apparently.	Nice pictures, but not Abe
JOAN AND THE THREE DEER *Marjorie Medary* (Random House: $2.)	6-12 Girls chiefly	The visit of a little girl to her aunt on the island of Gran Manan in the Bay of Fundy where semi-domesticated deer become her playmates. Excellent illustrations by Kurt Wiese.	Charming
JUNIOR BOOK OF BIRDS *Roger Tory Peterson* (Houghton Mifflin: $2)	Grammar school Both	A collection of the *Bird-Lore* leaflets, giving a brief account of each of 23 native species, with many excellent illustrations by the author.	As good a book as any available
THE LITTLE HOUSE ON RUNNERS *Marjorie Hayes* (Little, Brown: $2.)	8-12 Both	The Brewsters put their little house on snow-runners and move down to Boston for the winter. Pretty full of Historical Personages, Alcotts, Hales, etc.	Nice little story
AN EAR FOR UNCLE EMIL *E. R. Gaggin* (Viking: $2.)	8-12 Girls	Uncle Emil is a herdsman's doll that belongs to Resi Witt, a little Swiss girl. Beautiful pictures by Kate Seredy overshadow the text.	Don't miss this Swiss
TILI-RELI, Come to France. *Dorothy Gordon* (American Book Co.: $1.)	8-12 Both	A trip to France, bursting with information. So You're Going to Do A Little Geography homework.	Sugar-coated
MAGIC STRINGS *Remo Bufano* (Macmillan: $1.50)	Any age. Both	Lively puppet plays that can be engineered fairly simply. Decorations by Boris Artzybasheff.	Good and varied collection
SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC *Kitty Barne* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	8-12 Girls	The story of a likable, active English family whose youngest, to their astonishment, achieves a fair start towards a pianist's career.	Good, especially for the musical
CALIFORNIA, the Story of Our Southwest Corner *Grace S. Dawson* (Macmillan: $2.)	8-12 Both	A competent and sincere account of California from its days of Indian habitation to its present status.	Agreeably instructive
THE TURF-CUTTER'S DONKEY *Patricia Lynch* (Dutton: $2.)	9-12 Both	More adventures of Eileen and Seamus with their unusual donkey and other friends. The real and unreal countryside of Ireland.	Middling
FORTUNE'S FOAL *Garland Bullivant* (Scribners: $1.50)	About 15. Girls	A 15-year-old girl and her pony, which she trains and rides to success at a show.	Good of its kind

DURING the past two months you have probably read and heard a great deal about **PURSLANE,** by Bernice Kelly Harris, and **THESE ARE OUR LIVES,** compiled by the Federal Writers' Project. But we should like also to call your attention to some other recent books from Chapel Hill—

SEVEN LEAN YEARS, *by T. J. Woofter, Jr. and Ellen Winston.* ". . . a book that should be read by every person in the United States who is interested in American agriculture and is concerned about the future."—M. L. Wilson, Under Secretary, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. Illustrated. $1.50

TOBE, *by Stella Gentry Sharpe;* with illustrations by Charles Farrell. A little colored boy who lives on a Southern farm tells what he and his brothers do the year round. Of the illustrations, Guy R. Lyle in *Wilson Bulletin* says, "They are superb." 72 full-page illustrations. $1.00

TO MAKE A POET BLACK, *by J. Saunders Redding.* "Sympathetic understanding combined with intellectual honesty; pithy, original comments upon particular writers and their writings."—*American Sociological Review.* $1.50

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A RIVER TOWN: MEMPHIS, *by Gerald M. Capers, Jr.* From the time of the Chickasaw Bluffs to 1900, the history of Memphis has been a turbulent one—a strange mixture of South and West. And Mr. Capers tells this history from the point of view that "an adequate biography of any of our key cities . . . would be more significant to the national epic than the biography of even so prominent a figure as Theodore Roosevelt." Illustrated. $3.50

CALDWELL AND COMPANY, *by John Berry McFerrin.* With an objectivity not possible only a few years ago when the "Morgan of the South" crashed, Mr. McFerrin here discusses from actual records of cases, from newspapers of the period, and from personal interviews the "madhouse banking of the 1920's." $3.50

BLACK WORKERS AND THE NEW UNIONS, *by Horace R. Cayton and George S. Mitchell.* $4.00

TREES OF THE SOUTH, *by Charlotte Hilton Green;* with about 450 illustrations. $2.50

THE PARTY OF HUMANITY, *by Edwin Mallard Everett.* $3.50

CHILD LABOR LEGISLATION IN THE SOUTHERN TEXTILE STATES, *by Elizabeth H. Davidson.* $4.00

A HISTORY OF BRAZIL, *by Joao Pandia Calogeras;* translated and edited by Percy Alvin Martin. The third volume in The Inter-American Historical Series. $5.00

The University of North Carolina Press
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

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The New Books

Economics

COMMON STOCKS AND UNCOMMON SENSE. By Clark Belden. Coward-McCann. 1939. 336 *pp., with index.* $3.

There are some 12,000,000 common share holders in the United States who would undoubtedly profit by knowing in advance the behavior of the stock market. Clark Belden, who seems to have had considerable experience with the vicissitudes of the market, writes as though he has discovered the key to this mysterious secret by mastering the intricacies of the Dow Theory. Starting as an unsuspecting stock owner with a pious wish to make money on his investments, he diligently studied the investment services, only to find them in the end in sharp disagreement with one another.

The Dow Theory is based on Barron's indexes of business activity, correlated with the movements of the industrial and railway stock averages. This theory was first expounded by Charles H. Dow and William P. Hamilton in 1896 and has been the center of praise and attack ever since. Its technique is based on the assumption that the cumulative knowledge of the stock market is sufficient for predicting trends without any additional study of commodity price index numbers, volume of trade, bank deposits, or the status of the gold supply. The infallibility that Clark Belden claims for the Dow Theory leaves one rather skeptical, in view of the change that has come about in railroads from the period of 1896, when Dow first applied his theory. Nor can one entirely overlook the new restrictions and regulations introduced by the Securities and Exchange Commission. Yet the enthusiasm with which the author, writing in the first person singular, reveals the path to wealth makes his book interesting reading. His insistence on research in order to avoid the pitfalls of ignorance would lead one to expect the most optimistic results from one's investments. But Belden is unwilling to guarantee the outcome of such research; perhaps he is aware of the role of the business cycle.

J. C.

Fiction

STRANGE VICTORY. By Franken Meloney. Farrar & Rinehart. 1939. 281 *pp.* $2.

High life above stairs, high living below stairs, heroism, gayety, romance, and humor combine in this sprighty new novel to offer three crowded hours, agreeable if not glorious. "Strange Victory" concerns the complications which young Paige Griswold introduces into her life when she gives the gate to the laggard in love whom she had promised to marry. She takes on a job as governess to a problem child, which naturally leads to a more permanent position with the child's young dark and blue-eyed guardian. Her victory is no less pleasant for not being particularly strange.

K. S.

WISE AS A GOOSE. By Vernon Patterson. Los Angeles: Lymanhouse. 1939. 360 *pp.* $2.50.

When Dan Ashton, an itinerant laborer lately discharged from the Army after the World War, applies for work in a Redwood country lumber mill, he has had neither practical experience nor theoretical education. He gets a job by accident and straightway loses it. But that, somehow, does not prevent him from becoming a labor conciliator extraordinary to the whole lumber industry. He has a succession of brilliant triumphs in settling strikes; learns lumbering from the bottom up; and in four years is ready for leadership in its affairs.

Mr. Patterson has retold the story of the industrious apprentice, giving it the overtones which belong to the contemporary novel by dabbling with the problems of collective bargaining. He also varies the formula of the success story by giving to Dan Ashton a frivolous wife, in place of the usual starry-eyed helpmate. Julia nearly wrecks Dan's promising career and sends him back for a time to vagrancy. But in the end the call of the job proves more authoritative than the impulse toward picturesque disintegration.

The author of "Wise as a Goose" knows a great deal about the country of which he writes. He takes a sympathetic and intelligent view of its people and sets down their talk with racy accuracy. He is a good story-teller, too. But his book, despite its disarming pleasantness of tone, is disappointing because a reader feels that it should have been much better. Mr. Patterson has not been able to decide whether he wishes to write a routine Western story which the movies might want to use or a novel about people honestly and believably involved in the struggle for existence. Because of his own confusion he will probably not succeed in satisfying, with this book, the admirers of either type of fiction.

J. G.

Miscellaneous

MAINE SUMMER. By Edwin Valentine Mitchell. Coward-McCann. 1939. 210 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

There have been many books on Maine in the last few years, and Mr. Mitchell, coming late into the field, has not attempted either to treat the whole state, or any single aspect of it, with any fullness. Instead, he has brought together chapters of random and mild observations on various subjects—coon cats, islands, sea-gulls, and

DANZIG

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inns, to mention a few—with no more attempt at unity than comes from the fact that they all are to be found in Maine. It is evident that he has traveled widely and affectionately in his chosen state, but he has not the ear for anecdote or the vivid touch which could give interest to such a book. In writing of the old houses in Wiscasset, he confesses at some length his inability to present them to the reader; and in too many other chapters, where a succession of islands or inns are given each a few sentences of characterization, the same inability is apparent to this reader at least. His highly unromantic account of Dixie Bull, the pirate of Pemaquid, will be of some interest to readers who know the more picturesque local legends, but on the whole readers acquainted with Maine will find his book inadequate, and others will find little reason for reading it.

B. D.

SERVICE ENTRANCE. By Kyra Goritzina. Carrick & Evans. 1939. 315 *pp.* $2.50.

No group among the exiles that fate has sent from Europe in recent years has shown more heroic spirit in meeting adversity than the Russians whom the Soviet Revolution forced from luxury to the necessity of making a livelihood. Their courage has raised to dignity the oft-times menial occupations to which need has driven them. Kyra Goritzina and her husband, who held various positions as cook and butler in the homes of Americans of wealth, accepted with equanimity the disadvantages of their jobs when disadvantages there were. On the whole their lot fell in pleasant places, for their employers were generally well-intentioned, and sometimes exceptionally understanding and sympathetic persons who maintained a friendly intercourse with those in their households. Disagreeable experiences, to be sure, they had at times but in the main they met with respect and regard. Madame Goritzina's account of their experiences is a straightforward chronicle, rather monotonous but interesting as casting light on the employer attitude in the upper income brackets of American society. It has plentiful incident if little diversity.

A. L.

Travel

POLYNESIAN VENTURE. By Truman Bailey. Doubleday, Doran. 1939. $3.

The current wave of Polynesian influence in summer costume is not an accident, it seems. It was one man's idea. The man was Truman Bailey, who sold the idea to a number of leading stores throughout the United States. With their cash in his pocket and his camera and sketch book in his hand, he went back, looking for designs, to his old love, the South Pacific, which he had visited some years before.

This book is a combination of his two trips, with the dividing lines apparently deliberately omitted, thereby giving a somewhat confused sense of time and place to the narrative. This is abetted, unfortunately, by Mr. Bailey's own confusion as to the difference between Melanesia and Polynesia. In addition to the Pacific Islands, he visited Siam, Cambodia, and the edge of Burma, presumably on his first trip. He saw the temple dancers of Phnom Pen, Angkor Wat, and the elephant-worked teak forests of the Burmese-Siamese border. He worked with the native schools in Samoa, and searched among civilized trinkets for native arts in Fiji. What his sketch-book and camera brought back you can find in department stores, on beaches and at country clubs, but what his eye and mind took in has been lost somewhere between the taking and the pages of this book. The reader feels that Mr. Bailey must have had a wonderful time and been duly impressed, but will search his pages in vain for anything but the most commonplace and uninspiring rhetoric. Apparently he is a traveler but not an author. The illustrations are another matter. They are so good that they make the text seem even poorer than it is.

R. H.

DENMARK. By Roger Nielson. Copenhagen, Denmark: Petersen. 1939.

To commemorate Denmark's participation in the New York World's Fair the Danish Government has had gathered into a trim volume a large number of excellent and well chosen photographs illustrative of the natural features, the towns, the buildings, the people, and the industries of the little island kingdom. There could be no better means of persuading the foreigner to turn his travels in the direction of Denmark, for as here presented it appears a land of magnificent landscapes and prosperous cities, picturesque hamlets, busy, alert youth bicycling in throngs along spacious thoroughfares, ample countrywomen displaying tempting foods in neat market places, superb public buildings adorned with bold sculptures, handsome old palaces, magnificently equipped gymnasia, groups of graceful dancers—an Elysium set among the waters. Preceding the admirable photographs which constitute the main portion of the book is a concise but highly informative skeleton outline of the history, geography, trade, and industries of the country.

A. L.

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 9)

tenements, the dark, brooding mills, and Boston money-bags.

To my knowledge no one has ever called me capitalistic-minded, nor a defender of industrialism. I too have sweated and cursed in the Holyoke mills. I have no love for mills, nor for industry's ruthless ways. Long hours and small wages, child labor—before the 20s—tenements . . . these are true. But only about half the story.

RENÉ DAOUST.

Sunnyside, N. Y.

"William's Room"

SIR:—I regret that the *Saturday Review of Literature* feels obliged to take Alice Grant Rosman seriously and to devote eight inches to a review of one of her "novels." I also feel that anyone who thinks that intelligent readers can enjoy "Visitors to Hugo" should devote herself to golf rather than book reviewing.

COURTNEY BRUERTON.

Cambridge, Mass.

(The editor agrees with the reviewer's opinion of Alice Grant Rosman's new novel, "William's Room," and does not play golf.)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
FALSE TO ANY MAN *Leslie Ford* (Scribners: $2.)	Beautiful but unscrupulous girl murdered in jewel-box of house in Alexandria, Va. Col. Primrose, with reluctant assistance of Mrs. Latham, unravels crime.	Cross-currents of love and jealousy, stemming from long past events, lead to double-barrelled tragedy involving Southern socialites.	Good
MURDERED BUT NOT DEAD *Anne Austin* (Macmillan: $2.)	Movie actress found hanged after public appearance. "Bonnie" Dundee pokes into various pasts and produces killer.	Tragic events stemming from scandal in Midwest town, and with an ending that really surprises.	Dramatic
THE DOCTOR'S MURDER CASE *R. P. Koehler* (Phoenix: $2.)	Lead-pipe despatches New England recluse (female). Arsenic kills housemaid. Local doctor helps police track slayer.	Witchcraft, diabolism, and poltergeists among features of ably constructed tale with many unpleasant characters.	Weird

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.

WEEKAPAUG, RHODE ISLAND. Furnished summer cottage of ten rooms and two baths on high land above tidewater inlet, and with fine ocean view. Retired situation but adjacent to attractive summer colony. Ocean and still bathing, sailing, etc. G. W. Emlen, Jr., 112 S. 16th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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HAVE YOU READ "The Autobiography of a Modern Old Lady" just released by Jean and Todd Wallace, HOLIDAY HOUSE, Gilford-Laconia, N. H. Write for YOUR FREE copy. Read about this fascinating 140 year old COLONIAL INN with THE VIEW of Lake WINNEPESAUKEE and the WHITE MOUNTAINS. New England cooking with an indefinable tang that's delicious. Dining Porch, inner spring beds, rooms with & without bath, 300 acre playground. Just a mile from Belknap Mts. Climbing, swimming, golf & all sports. $30.00 per week—$5.00 per day—NO EXTRAS—You'll love this different Inn.

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FOR SALE—New England Primer, listed as No. 319 in Heartman's Bibliography of N. E. Primers. Box 330-D.

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FOR RENT—Pemaquid Point, Maine. Modern six-room cottage, garage. Blair, Bridgewater, Mass.

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Double-Crostics: No. 276

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

							1-L		2-X	3-I	4-B	5-G	6-W	7-F		8-C
9-B	10-I	11-A	12-M	13-J	14-U	15-F		16-O	17-Q	18-K		19-V	20-Q	21-D	22-O	23-P
24-J	25-T		26-W	27-L	28-Q	29-M	30-R	31-O		32-T	33-F	34-C		35-C	36-U	37-N
	38-C	39-L		40-S	41-D	42-E		43-G	44-M	45-P	46-S	47-D	48-Q	49-T	50-B	
51-K	52-O	53-R	54-J	55-G		56-E	57-C	58-N		59-I	60-G	61-A	62-V	63-R	64-J	65-F
	66-C	67-E	68-L		69-G	70-I	71-M	72-S	73-K	74-F	75-X	76-V	77-U	78-P	79-H	80-C
	81-W	82-I		83-E	84-M	85-H		86-G	87-R	88-Q	89-O	90-K	91-J	92-N	93-V	94-T
95-I		96-M	97-U	98-L		99-P	100-U	101-C	102-F	103-K		104-R	105-I		106-W	107-S
108-J	109-G	110-P	111-V	112-S	113-Q	114-B		115-R	116-W	117-D	118-O		119-D	120-M	121-A	
122-L	123-H		124-E	125-X	126-H		127-F	128-P	129-R	130-I	131-B	132-T	133-S	134-E	135-Q	
136-H	137-U	138-S	139-P	140-D	141-E	142-Q	143-F		144-X	145-B		146-S	147-A	148-M	149-R	
150-G	151-P	152-U	153-H	154-I	155-Q	156-X	157-R		158-H	159-D		160-E	161-O		162-T	163-P
164-G	165-W	166-S	167-A	168-L	169-V	170-N	171-U	172-O		173-K	174-J	175-I	176-Q	177-A		

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Successor to Moses.

B. Displease, wound.

C. Daughter of Alcinoüs.

D. Patron saint of lost articles.

E. Arthurian castle.

F. Dreadfully.

G. Consideration.

H. Inevitable result.

I. Lacking in manly qualities.

J. Aridity.

K. Head-covering fitting around neck.

L. English essayist (1672-1719.)

M. Enduring hard living conditions.

N. Parliament or congress.

O. Activity; impulse.

P. Obnoxious.

Q. Woman's Suffrage Amendment.

R. Inundates.

S. Peevishly.

T. Cleverly; tidily.

U. Yankee (adj.)

V. Barren.

W. Played boisterously.

X. Indolence.

WORDS

61 147 11 177 121 167

9 131 145 50 4 114

57 66 34 80 38 8 35 101

21 47 159 41 117 140 119

124 160 67 83 56 141 42 134

143 33 7 15 127 74 102 65

60 69 150 164 5 55 43 86 109

123 85 153 126 79 158 136

70 130 82 154 59 3 10 175 95 105

13 174 91 24 108 54 64

173 73 51 90 103 18

27 68 98 122 168 1 39

71 120 148 96 84 12 44 29

58 170 37 92

161 16 52 31 22 89 118 172

151 23 45 78 128 99 110 163 139

155 48 28 135 142 20 113 88 176 17

63 115 104 87 30 149 53 129 157

46 138 72 112 40 107 133 166 146

94 162 132 49 25 32

77 97 36 137 100 14 152 171

62 19 111 93 169 76

165 81 106 116 6 26

2 75 144 156 125

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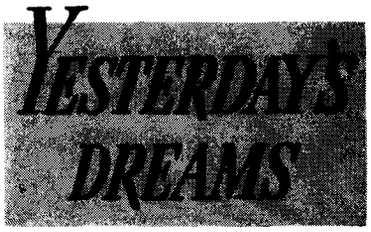

By RUTH FEINER

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

ONE of Old Q.'s quite irrelevant hobbies is the occasional secret recollection of Shelley's death date, July 8, 1822. ☞We set two of our favorite researchers, Ruth and Reynard Biemiller, to work looking up the ancient legend that Shelley's grandfather came from Newark, N. J. ☞The faintly incongruous association of the town and the poet has many times cheered us, so it is grievous to learn from the Biemillers that it rests on very flimsy data. ☞All vital statistics of Newark previous to the Revolution of 1776 were destroyed. There is positive evidence that one Timothy Shelley did live in Newark in the early 18th century; this is known by the will of John Carinton (Carrington?) summarized in N. J. Colonial Documents on file at Trenton. ☞But the statements that the poet's grandfather Bysshe was born in Newark, or that Bysshe was the son of the said Timothy, or that he was a "quack doctor," seem to date from Medwin and are hearsay only. ☞It is printed in various works that Bysshe lived at "Christ's Church, Newark" but our Biemillers find no record of any such church at that time. ☞A tombstone marked John Shelley, 1728 was dug up in Newark about 1854. ☞The late T. F. Wolfe, a Newark writer, said there was also a legend that Bysshe Shelley came to Newark as a child from Guilford, Conn. ☞We are grateful to R. and R. for their memoranda, here crudely abbreviated. ☞In spite of any fog, we insist on the most celestial of all poets having some association with the greatest of our airports. We shall continue to think of him as our own P. O. N.

☞The death of Harry Leon Wilson, creator of Bunker Bean and Ruggles and Ma Pettingill, must come to many thousands of readers with a keen personal sense of loss. We were working for Mr. Wilson's publishers when *Ruggles* came out in 1915 and we still remember helping to doll up the eminent bookman Walter McKee, then a Doubleday salesman, as the gentleman's gentleman "Colonel Ruggles" to patrol the Wall Street region and see how many would connect him with the ad in the morning papers. Those who did got a free copy. There is no contemporary American First we would rather have. ☞It is a sorrow also to record the death of Mrs. Helen R. Martin, whose humorous romances of the Pennsylvania Dutch very pleasantly discovered a local color all their own. ☞Speaking of humors, our favorite slice of Swiss this week is the guileless critique on Thorne Smith in the new Pocket Books edition of *Topper*. We read there "It has been said that his [Thorne Smith's] frank, unabashed approach to the problem of sex has done more to clarify that perplexing issue than anything since Havelock Ellis's work." ☞We can scarcely conjecture who can have said this: presumably someone who had never read either of those writers. It would give good old Thorne a gorgeous scream of mirth to hear that his waggish farces were clarifying an issue. ☞Bob De Graff says that the Pocket Books have been put aboard one of the transAtlantic clippers—the *Dixie,* we heard it—as a part of social equipment.

☞The Mark Twain Society of Chicago has issued 350 copies of George Ade's pamphlet *One Afternoon with Mark Twain,* a few of which are offered at $2 each by the Argus Bookshop of Chicago. ☞The Princeton University Press reports that while it was compiling its figures for the current fiscal year a carrier pigeon forced its way through an open window and refused to be ejected. ☞When the natural mysticism caused by this had abated, the figures were totalled and found to exceed last year's by 42%. ☞The University of Chicago's great Chaucer project, pursued since 1925 by J. M. Manly, the late Edith Rickert, and assistants, is now planned in 8 volumes which describe, classify and list the variant readings in all the known 83 MSS. of the Canterbury Tales. The published price will be $40, but the set may be subscribed for in advance at $25. The actual printing will proceed as soon as enough subscriptions are received to warrant the outlay. ☞Peter Greig, the vivacious gastronome whose monthly *Wine and Food Newsletter* causes us much woe, justly reproaches the N. Y. *Times* for calling Shandygaff "beer and ginger ale." We also hasten to contradict an advertiser in the *New Yorker* who believes Shandygaff to be "gin and ginger beer."

☞Near the beginning of Thomas Wolfe's posthumous novel *The Web and the Rock* is a fine chapter called "Three O'Clock" which admirably conveys the feelings of a boy on a summer afternoon in a Southern town. ☞We were pleased to see that the *North American Review* in its summer issue prepublished a fragment of that chapter, though by no means the best of it. ☞In its allusion to the damnably mortal feeling of the hour and season we remember a prediction made some years ago in a queer book: "The world will come to an end (if ever) at about 3.15 some August afternoon."

☞Arthur Rogers, bookseller of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, prints on the front cover of his Catalogue Number 70 an unpublished and delightful poem by Walter de la Mare, about Books. ☞We mention this as a sort of reminder that there are still some very notable poets in England besides the youngest generation of them, who sometimes get almost a little too much taffy.

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